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L. MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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The Standard.

DECLARATION OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Assembled in Philadelphia, December 4, 1833.

The convention, assembled in the city of Philadelphia to organize a national anti-slavery society, promptly seize the opportunity to promulgate the following DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS, as cherished by them in relation to the enslavement of one-sixth portion of the American people.

More than fifty-seven years have elapsed since a band of patriots convened in this place, to devise measures for the deliverance of this country from a foreign yoke. The corner-stone upon which they founded the TEMPLE OF FREEDOM, was broadly this: "that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness. At the sound of their trumpet-call, three millions of people rose up as from the sleep of death, and rushed to the strife of blood; deeming it more glorious to die instantly as freemen, than desirable to live one hour as slaves. They were few in number—poor in resources; but the honest conviction that TRUTH, JUSTICE, and RIGHT were on their side, made them invincible.

We have met together for the achievement of an enterprise, without which, that of our fathers is incomplete: and which, for its magnitude, solemnity, and probable results upon the destiny of the world, as far transcends theirs, as moral truth does physical force.

In purity of motive, in earnestness of zeal, in decision of purpose, in intrepidity of action, in steadfastness of faith, in sincerity of spirit, we would not be inferior to them.

Their principles led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water, in order to be free. *Ours* forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage; relying solely upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

Their measures were physical resistance—the marshalling in arms—the hostile array—the mortal encounter. *Ours* shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance.

Their grievances, great as they were, were trifling in comparison with the wrongs and sufferings of those for whom we plead. Our fathers were never slaves—never bought and sold like cattle—never shut out from the light of knowledge and religion—never subjected to the lash of brutal taskmasters.

But those, for whose emancipation we are striving—constituting at the present time at least one-sixth part of our countrymen—are recognized by the law, and treated by their fellow-beings as marketable commodities—as goods and chattels—as brute beasts; are plundered daily of the fruits of their toil, without redress; really enjoying no constitutional nor legal protection from licentious and murderous outrages upon their persons; are ruthlessly torn asunder—the tender babe from the arms of its frantic mother—the heart-broken wife from her weeping husband—at the caprice or pleasure of irresponsible tyrants. For the crime of having a dark complexion, they suffer the pangs of hunger, the infliction of stripes, and the ignominy of brutal servitude. They are kept in heathenish darkness, by laws expressly enacted to make their instruction a criminal offense.

These are the prominent circumstances in the condition of more than two millions of our people, the proof of which may be found in thousands of indisputable facts, and in the laws of the slaveholding States.

Hence we maintain—That in view of the civil and religious privileges of this nation, the guilt of its oppression is unequalled by any other on the face of the earth; and, therefore,

That it is bound to repent instantly, to undo the heavy burden, to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free.

We further maintain—That no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother—to hold or acknowledge him, for one moment, as a piece of merchandise—to keep back his hire by fraud—or to brutalize his mind by denying him the means of intellectual, social, and moral improvement.

The right to enjoy liberty is inalienable. To invade it, is to usurp the prerogative of Jehovah.—Every man has a right to his own body—to the products of his own labor—to the protection of law—and to the common advantages of society. It is piracy to buy or steal a native African, and subject him to servitude. Surely the sin is as great to enslave an AMERICAN as an AFRICAN.

Therefore, we believe and affirm—That there is no difference, *in principle*, between the African slave trade and American slavery;

That every American citizen, who retains a human being in involuntary bondage as his property, is [according to scripture*] a MAN-STEALER;

That the slaves ought instantly to be set free, and brought under the protection of law;

That if they had lived from the time of Pharaoh down to the present period, and had been entailed through successive generations, their right to be free could never have been alienated, but their claims would have constantly risen in solemnity;

That all those laws which are now in force, admitting the right of slavery, are therefore before God utterly null and void; being an audacious usurpation of the divine prerogative—a daring infringement on the law of nature—a base overthrow of the very foundations of the social compact—a complete extinction of all the relations, endearments, and obligations of mankind, and a presumptuous transgression of all the holy commandments—and that therefore they ought to be instantly abrogated.

We further believe and affirm—That all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives, as others; and that the paths of preferment, of wealth, and of intelligence, should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion.

We maintain that no compensation should be given to the planters emancipating their slaves—

Because it would be a surrender of the great fundamental principle, that man cannot hold property in man;

Because SLAVERY IS A CRIME, AND THEREFORE IT IS NOT AN ARTICLE TO BE SOLD;

Because the holders of slaves are not the just proprietors of what they claim; freeing the slaves is not depriving them of property, but restoring it to its right owners; it is not wronging the master, but righting the slave—restoring him to himself;

Because immediate and general emancipation would only destroy nominal, not real property; it would not amputate a limb, or break a bone of the slaves—but by infusing motives into their breasts, would make them doubly valuable to the masters, as free laborers: and

Because, if compensation is to be given at all, it should be given to the outraged and guiltless slaves, and not to those who have plundered and abused them.

We regard, as delusive, cruel, and dangerous, any scheme of expatriation which pretends to aid, either directly or indirectly, in the emancipation of the slaves, or to be a substitute for the immediate and total abolition of slavery.

We fully and unanimously recognize the sovereignty of each State, to legislate exclusively on the subject of slavery which is tolerated within its limits; we concede that Congress, *under the present national compact*, has no right to interfere with any of the slave States, in relation to this momentous subject.

But we maintain that Congress has a right, and is solemnly bound, to suppress the domestic slave trade between the several States, and to abolish slavery in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction.

We also maintain that there are, at the present time, the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States, to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slave owner to vote for three-fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the South, for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal, and full of danger: IT MUST BE BROKEN UP.

These are our views and principles—these, our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of our Independence, and the truths of divine revelation, as upon the EVERLASTING ROCK.

We shall organize anti-slavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty, and rebuke.

We shall circulate, unsparingly and extensively, anti-slavery tracts and periodicals.

We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

We shall encourage the labor of freemen, rather than that of the slave, by giving preference to their productions: and

We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

Our trust for victory is solely in GOD. We may be personally defeated, but our principles never. TRUTH, JUSTICE, REASON, HUMANITY, must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

Submitting this DECLARATION to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves that, under the guidance, and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery, that has ever been witnessed upon earth—to deliver our land from its deadliest curse—to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon, and to secure to the colored population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men, and as Americans—come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations—whether we live to witness the triumph of LIBERTY, JUSTICE, and HUMANITY, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause.

Done in Philadelphia, this sixth day of December, A. D. 1833. (Signed)

Maine.—David Thurston, Nathan Winslow, Joseph Southwick, James Frederick Otis, Isaac Winslow.

New Hampshire.—David Cambell.

Vermont.—Orson G. Murray.

Massachusetts.—Daniel S. Southmayd, Effingham L. Capron, Joshua Coffin, Amos A. Phelps, John G. Whittier, Horace P. Wakefield, James George Barbadoes, David T. Kimball, jr., Daniel E. Jewett, John Reid Cambell, Nathaniel Southard, Arnold Buffum, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Rhode Island.—John Prentice, Ray Potts.

Connecticut.—Samuel Joseph May, Alpheus Kingsley, jr., Edwin A. Stillman, Simon Smith Jocelyn, Robert Befnard Hall.

New-York.—Beriah Green, Lewis Tappan, John Rankin, Wm. Green, jr., Abm. L. Cox, Wm. Goodell, Elizur Wright, jr., Charles W. Denison, John Frost, George Bourne.

Pennsylvania.—Evan Lewis, Edwin A. AtLee, Robert Purvis, James Mc C. Crummil, Thomas Shipley, Bartholomew Fussell, Enoch Mack, 2d, James Loughhead, John McCullough, James M. McKim, Aaron Vickers, John R. Sleeper, John Sharp, jr., James Mott, James White, Jonathan Parkhurst, Chalkley Gillingham, Thomas Whitson, Edwin P. AtLee.

Ohio.—John M. Sterling, Milton Sutliff, Levi Sutliff.

* Exodus xxi. 16; Deut. xxiv. 7.

LUTHER BRADISH.

In October, 1838, when this gentleman was candidate for the office of lieutenant-governor of New-York, the abolitionists of Utica addressed to him the following interrogatories, which were published in various abolition papers, with his answers:

1st. Are you in favor of a law granting to persons in this State, claimed as fugitive slaves, a trial by jury?

2d. Are you in favor of abolishing all distinctions in the constitutional rights of the citizens of this State, founded solely on complexion?

3d. Are you in favor of the repeal of the law, which now authorizes the importation of slaves into this State, and their detention here, as such, for the term of nine months?

To these queries, Mr. Bradish returned frank, manly, and explicit answers. Of the first query, it is enough to say that it was answered unequivocally in the affirmative. To the second, in relation to the right of suffrage, he thus alluded to the unequal and discriminating provision in the constitution of the State: "The principle is in itself wrong. It is inconsistent with the pervading spirit of the constitution; creates an odious and unnecessary distinction; and violates the principles of equal and eternal justice. I respect the intelligence, the patriotism, and virtue of that majority of the framers of the constitution, by whose votes this provision was inserted. They doubtless thought it wise and necessary. But they lived in other and different times than the present. If there were then reasons for this provision, those reasons have been gradually disappearing before the advance of education, of general light, and of the gradual improvement of that class of our citizens to whom it applies. I believe it no longer necessary; that to abolish it would not only be safe, but would remove a fruitful source of heart-burning and disaffection; would elevate the condition and character of an important portion of our population, and render them more safe and wholesome citizens. Every consideration of sound policy, therefore, would seem to demand this. It is due to consistency, and the spirit of the constitution. The light and spirit of the age demand it. A just regard to our character as a free State demands it. But, above all, the immutable principles of equal and eternal justice demand it. I am therefore in favor of abolishing all distinctions in the constitutional rights of the citizens of this State founded solely on complexion."

In answer to the third query, alluding to the law (since repealed) which allowed a slaveholder to hold his slave as property in New-York, during a sojourn of nine months, he says: "It must be a mistaken courtesy, and a misplaced liberality, that permit so great a violation of the spirit of our own laws, and authorize so great a departure from the settled and declared policy of the State. Toward a sister State I would exercise every act of liberality and courtesy, that did not involve a sacrifice of principle, or of some important public interest. Above all, I would abide by the compromises of the constitution; but I would not extend them. If something be due to others, much is also due to ourselves, to our principles, and our own institutions. So utterly am I opposed to slavery in all its forms, so great an evil, both moral and political, do I consider its existence in our country, that I would not, beyond the clear requirements of the federal constitution, either directly or indirectly, nearly or remotely, lend to it the sanction of our State legislation. Nor can I view the existence of this great moral and political evil, as is sometimes pretended, as the exclusive affair of the States where it exists. It touches too vitally the national interests, and the national character, not to be a subject of deep and legitimate interest to every citizen, who loves his country and its honor. But while I would leave to the States where this evil exists, the exclusive duty, as it is their exclusive right, to act in this matter, I would reserve to all, and beyond a peradventure or a doubt, the right of its free discussion. And although, in the 'consummation most devoutly to be wished,' I rely, under a controlling Providence, mainly upon the ultimate just views, generous impulses, and high moral sentiment of the slaveholder himself, yet to induce him to early action, I would not cease to address to him, as brother to brother, every consideration that a burning patriotism could suggest, every inducement that an enlightened philanthropy could inspire, every argument and sanction that an elevated morality and holy religion could supply. Nor do I longer fear, in this matter, the counteraction of individuals, however distinguished, who would, upon this great subject, forever shut the door in the very face of hope. He must heed very little the admonitions of the age; be little observant of all that is passing in the old world and the new, who can doubt the future progress of events, and certain consummation on this subject. As well might our lungs remain intact from the air we breathe, as opinions not receive their 'form and pressure' from the moral atmosphere of the world and age in which we live. And the time is not distant, when our own slaveholding States, moved by their own generous impulses, and the all-pervading spirit of the age, will themselves accomplish upon this subject all that the most enlightened philanthropy and most ardent patriotism could desire; and our whole country, in all its length and breadth, become in fact, what it is already in name, the freest on earth. Your friend and servant,

LUTHER BRADISH."

HENRY CLAY.

Extract from a speech by Henry Clay, on the subject of abolition petitions, in the United States' Senate, February 7, 1839.

I know that there is a *visionary* dogma, which holds that negro slaves cannot be the subjects of property. I shall not dwell long with this speculative abstraction. That *is* property, which the law *declares* to be property. Two hundred years of legislation have sanctioned and sanctified negro slaves as property. Under all the forms of government which have existed upon this continent during the long space of time—under the British government—under the colonial government—under the State constitutions and governments, and under the federal government itself—they have been deliberately and solemnly recognized as the legitimate subjects of property. To the wild speculations of theorists and innovators stands the fact, that in an uninterrupted period of two hundred years duration, under every form of human legislation, and by all the departments of human government, African negro slaves have been held and respected, have descended and been transferred, as property; in the very British example which is so triumphantly appealed to, as worthy of our imitation. Although the West India planters had no voice in the united parliament of the British isles, an irresistable sense of justice extorted from that legislature the grant of twenty millions of pounds sterling, to compensate the colonists for their loss of property.

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If I had been a citizen of Pennsylvania, when Franklin's plan (of gradual emancipation) was adopted, I should have voted for it; because, by no possibility could the black race ever gain the ascendancy in that State. But if I had been then, or were now, a citizen of any of the planting States—the southern, or southwestern States—*I should have opposed, and would continue to oppose, any scheme whatever of emancipation, gradual or immediate*; because of the danger of an immediate ascendancy of the black race, or of a civil contest, which might terminate in the extinction of one race or the other.

* * * * * * *

Mr. President, it is not true, and I rejoice that it is not true, that either of the two great parties in this country has any designs or aim at abolition. I should deeply lament it, if it were true.

Selections.

DR. CHANNING, AGAIN.

Extract from an address delivered at Lenox, Mass. on the First of August 1842, the anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies.

On this day a few years ago, eight hundred thousand human beings were set free from slavery; and to comprehend the greatness of the deliverance, a few words must first be said of the evil from which they were rescued. You must know slavery to know emancipation. But in a single discourse, how can I set before you the wrongs and abominations of this detestable institution? I must pass over many of its features, and will select one, which is at present vividly impressed on my mind. Different minds are impressed with different evils. Were I asked what strikes me as the greatest evil inflicted by this system, I should say, it is the outrage offered by slavery to human nature. Slavery does all that lies in human power to unmake men, to rob them of their humanity, to degrade men into brutes; and this it does by declaring them to be property. Here is the master evil. Declare a man a chattel, something which you may *own*, and may turn to your use, as a horse or a tool; strip him of all right over himself, of all right to use his own powers, except what you concede to him as a favor, and deem consistent with your own profit; and you cease to look on him as a man. You may call him such; but he is not to you a brother, a fellow-being, a partaker of your nature, and your equal in the sight of God. You view him, you treat him, you speak to him, as infinitely beneath you, as belonging to another race. You have a tone and a look towards him, which you never use towards a man. Your relation to him demands that you treat him as an inferior creature. You cannot, if you would, treat him as a man. That he may answer your end, that he may consent to be a slave, his spirit must be broken, his courage crushed; he must fear you. A feeling of his deep inferiority must be burnt into his soul. The idea of his rights must be quenched in him, by the blood of his lashed and lacerated body. Here is the damning evil of slavery. It destroys the spirit, the consciousness of a man. I care little in comparison for his hard outward lot, his poverty, his unfurnished house, his coarse fare; the terrible thing in slavery is the *spirit of a slave*, the extinction of the spirit of a *man*. He feels himself owned, a chattel, a thing bought and sold, and held to sweat for another's pleasure, at another's will, under another's lash, just as an ox or horse. Treated thus as a brute, can he take a place among men? A slave! Is there a name so degraded on earth, a name which so separates a man from his kind? and to this condition millions of our race are condemned in this land of liberty.

In what is the slave treated as a man? The great right of a man is to use, improve, expand his powers, for his own and other's good. The slave's powers belong to another, and are hemmed in, kept down, not cherished, or suffered to unfold. If there be an infernal system, one especially hostile to humanity, it is that which deliberately wars against the expansion of men's faculties; and this enters into the essence of slavery. The slave cannot be kept a slave, if helped or allowed to improve his intellect and higher nature. He must not be taught to read. The benevolent Christian, who tries, by giving him the use of letters, to open to him the word of God and other good books, is punished as a criminal. The slave is hedged round, so that philanthropy cannot approach him to awaken in him the intelligence and feelings of a man. Thus his humanity is trodden under foot.

Again, a man has the right to form and enjoy the relations of domestic life. The tie between the brute and his young endures but a few months. Man was made to have a home, to have a wife and children, to cleave to them for life, to sustain the domestic relations in constancy and purity, and through these holy ties to refine and exalt his nature. Such is the distinction of a man. But slavery violates the sanctity of home. It makes the young woman property, and gives her no protection from licentiousness. It either disallows marriage or makes it a vain show. It sunders husband and wife, sells them into distant regions, and then compels them to break the sacred tie and contract new alliances, in order to stock the plantation with human slaves. Scripture and nature say, "What God hath joined, let not man put asunder;" but slavery scorns God's voice in his word and in the human heart. Even the Christian Church dares not remonstrate against the wrong, but sanctions it, and encourages the poor ignorant slave to form a new, adulterous connexion, that he may minister to his master's gain. The slaveholder enters the hut of his bondsman, to do the work which belongs only to death, and to do it with nothing of the consolatory, healing influences, which Christianity sheds round death. He goes to tear the wife from the husband, the child from the mother, to exile them from one another, and to convey them to unknown masters. Is this to see a man, in a slave? Is not this to place him beneath humanity?

Again, it is the right, privilege, and distinction of a man, not only to be connected with a family, but with his race. He is made for free communion with his fellow-creatures. One of the sorest evils of life is to be cut off from the mass of men, from the social body; to be treated by the multitude of our fellow-creatures as outcasts, as Pariahs, as a fallen race, unworthy to be approached, unworthy of the deference due to men; and this infinite wrong is done to the slave. A slave! that name severs all his ties, except with beings as degraded as himself. He has no country, no pride or love of nation, no sympathy with the weal or wo of the land which gave him birth, no joy in its triumphs, no generous sorrow for its humiliation, no feeling of that strong unity with those around him which common laws, a common government, and a common history create. He is not allowed to go forth, as other men are, and to connect himself with strangers, to form new alliances by means of trade, business, conversation. Society is every-where barred against him. An iron wall forbids his access to his race. The micellaneous intercourse of man with man, which strengthens the feeling of our common humanity, and perhaps does more than all things to enlarge the intellect, is denied him. The world is nothing to him; he does not hear of it. The plantation is his world. To him the universe is narrowed down almost wholly to the hut where he sleeps, and the fields where he sweats for another's gain. Beyond these he must not step without leave; and even if allowed to wander, who has a respectful look or word for the slave? In that name he carries with him an atmosphere of repulsion. It drives men from him as if he were a leper. However gifted by God, however thirsting for some higher use of his powers, he must hope for no friend beyond the ignorant, half-brutalized caste with which bondage has united him. To him there is no race, as there is no country. In truth, so fallen is he beneath sympathy, that multitudes will smile at hearing him compassionated for being bereft of these ties. Still he suffers great wrong. Just in proportion as you sever a man from his country and race, he ceases to be a man. The rudest savage, who has a tribe with which he sympathizes, and for which he is ready to die, is far exalted above the slave. How much more exalted is the poorest freeman, in a civilized land, who feels his relation to a wide community; who lives under equal laws to which the greatest bow; whose social ties change and enlarge with the vicissitudes of life; whose mind and heart are open to the quickening, stirring influences of this various world. Poor slave! humanity's outcast and orphan? to whom no door is open, but that of the naked hut of thy degraded caste! art thou indeed a man? Dost thou belong to the human brotherhood? What is thy whole life but continued insult? Thou meetest no look, which does not express thy hopeless exclusion from human sympathies. Thou mayest indeed be pitied in sickness and pain, and so is the animal. The difference due to a man, and which keeps alive a man's spirit, is unknown to thee. The intercourse, which makes the humblest individual in other spheres partaker more or less in the improvements of his race, thou must never hope for. May I not say, then, that nothing extinguishes humanity like slavery?

In reply to these and other representations of the wrongs and evils of this institution, we are told that slaves are well fed, well clothed; at least better than the peasantry and operatives in many other countries; and this is gravely adduced as a vindication of slavery. A man capable of offering it, ought, if any one ought, to be reduced to bondage. A man, who thinks *food* and *raiment* a compensation for *liberty*, who would counsel men to sell themselves, to become property, to give up all rights and power over themselves, for a dayly mess of pottage, however savory, is a slave in heart. He has lost the spirit of a man, and would be less wronged than other men, if a slave's collar were welded round his neck.

The domestic slave is well fed, we are told, and so are the domestic animals. A nobleman's horse in England is better lodged and more pampered than the operatives in Manchester. The grain which the horse consumes, might support a starving family. How sleek and shining his coat! How gay and rich his caparison! But *why* is he thus curried, and pampered, and bedecked? To be bitted and curbed; and then to be mounted by his master, who arms himself with whip and spur to put the animal to his speed; and if any accident mar his strength or swiftness, he is sold from his luxuriant stall to be flayed, overworked, and hastened out of life by the merciless drayman. Suppose the nobleman should say to the half-starved, ragged operative of Manchester, "I will give up my horse, and feed and clothe you with like sumptuousness, on condition that I may mount you dayly with lash and spurs, and sell you when I can make a profitable bargain." Would you have the operative, for the sake of good fare and clothes, take the lot of the brute? or, in other words, become a slave? What reply would the heart of an old England or New England laborer make to such a proposal? and yet if there be any soundness in the argument drawn from the slave's comforts, he ought to accept it thankfully and greedily.

Such arguments for slavery are insults. The man capable of using them ought to be rebuked as mean in spirit, hard of heart, and wanting all true sympathy with his race. I might reply, if I thought fit, to this account of the slave's blessings, that there is nothing very enviable in his food and wardrobe, that his comforts make no approach to those of the nobleman's horse, and that a laborer of New England would prefer the fare of many an alms-house at home. But I cannot stoop to such reasoning. Be the comforts of the slave what they may, they are no compensation for the degradation insolence, indignities, ignorance, servility, scars, and violations of domestic rights to which he is exposed.

From the Baltimore American.

THE COTTON CULTURE IN INDIA.

The accounts which have reached us of the cultivation of American cotton in India have been various—some indicating a highly successful result, and others denoting a failure of the experiment. These diversified statements may be all equally correct; for in India, as in other countries, there are diversities of soil and situation, some better adapted than others to the growth of cotton; and it has no doubt happened that greater care and attention, with more judgment and skill, have been applied to the experiments in some places than in others. Hence different results.

It is quite certain that in the Bengal and Madras presidencies the successful introduction of the American cotton may be regarded as attained. A letter from Captain Bayles, under date December 31st, says: "The fine rain which we had early in the month did a world of good to every kind of crop; the American cotton has taken a second growth and is full of blossoms, but whether the fruit now forming will reach maturity is of course uncertain. All hands are now at work breaking up lands for next year."

Another letter under date Febuary 7th, 1842, from Mr. Lowther, states:

"In the month of December last, I visited the government farms at Kotra Mukrundpoor, Zillah Cawnpoor, and at Soemeerpoor in Bundlecund, and I have great satisfaction in reporting that while the indigenous cotton in the vicinity of the farms and other parts of the country I had previously passed through, had altogether failed, or suffered so much from the drought as barely to yield a return to the cultivator, the plant on the farms without the aid of irrigation was superior to any I have seen in the best of seasons. The Mexican cotton was somewhat stunted, but the pods were full and healthy, and the produce exceedingly fine.

"From personal observation I have no hesitation in stating, that, in my judgment, the success of the experiment has been established, and that the best expectations may be entertained that the quality of the indigenous cotton will be greatly improved, and its produce increased under the improved system of cultivation introduced by the American planters."

These two accounts are both from the Bengal districts. The Madras Spectator has the following:

"The cotton experiment in Combatoor, is, we are happy to learn, progressing most favorably: the crops which at the beginning of January threatened to prove a total failure, are now yielding, and have been for the last three weeks, little short of 100 lbs. daily, and promise, judging from present appearances, to continue doing so for the next three months, and that too in spite of the untimely hot weather which at present prevails in the district. In fact we are informed that to all appearance the American plant is already as well suited to the climate as the native, for at the present moment the former is keeping pace with the latter, and apparently bearing the heat of the climate equally well. Than this account, nothing could be more encouraging, and it forcibly illustrates the benefit of perseverance in experiments like the present."

From official returns submitted of the extent of land granted by the East India company in the year 1840, in certain fertile cotton districts, taken in connection with the rapid progress that has been made in the culture of the plant, the following conclusion is arrived at in the report: "There is every moral certainty that the land already granted, with that now in cultivation throughout the Indian empire, will be found more than sufficient for the consumption of England, and also for the whole European market, and that it will thus supplant the cotton growing in America." It is added, that the supply of cotton from India was last year 450,000 bags, and that this year it is expected to be 600,000 bags.

It is known that the importations of India cotton into Great Britain during the year just passed, have far exceeded the usual amount of such supplies. This has been partly accounted for by the fact that a large quantity of India cotton, which usually went to China, was diverted from that market by the war now going on there—and being thus turned out of its ordinary channel, the article went to England. One result, however, has followed from this circumstance. The British manufacturers have been made more intimately acquainted with the indigenous cotton of India; they have gone into the manufacture of it; and making a cheap article they have undersold, with their Surat fabrics, all competitors in the South American market.

Our southern cotton growers will do well to consider this subject attentively. By turning away from it, and calling the whole thing a humbug, they will gain nothing; nor can they lose by examining into it thoroughly. That the production of cotton in India is annually increasing no one can doubt. Whether this is caused by the successful introduction of the American plant, or by the extended culture of the native cotton, may be inquired into, as facts become more and more apparent. But the increased production is certain; and it is also certain that with every pound of India cotton thrown into the British market, the price of the American staple is affected.

England is not given to dealing in humbugs in things of this kind. Her indigo experiment, and the result of it, might be remembered to advantage; and by none should it be more freshly remembered than by the people of the South. Yet indigo was not more necessary to her manufactures than cotton—nor have we any reason to believe that the experiment at first promised any better success than the one now on foot. Cotton is an indigenous growth in Hindostan. If it has degenerated, there are causes enough to produce declension in the neglect and bad systems of culture which have prevailed—to say nothing of the ruinous wars, internal distractions, and oppression from the government. The accounts tell us that the quality of the native cotton has improved, and its productiveness increased, under the judicious system of cultivation introduced by the American planters. Will these improvements stop? Is it likely that the British government will hold back from the prosecution of an experiment which promises so auspiciously, and in which so much of national interest and of national solicitude is involved? The thing will go on. It will be pressed with ardor and with the concentrated energy of the most powerful nation in the world—and what avails more than ardor and energy, it will be persisted in with an indomitable perseverance which no difficulties, short of impossibilities, can discourage. We may not see prohibitory duties on American cotton in British ports for some years yet. But every year's increased production of India cotton tends to accumulate supplies in the market; and, as a necessary result, to lower the prices of the American staple.

From the Rochester Post.

WALLER FREEMAN.

Waller Freeman, lately a slave in North Carolina, is now in this city, with a view of obtaining pecuniary aid to redeem his wife and children from bondage. His case is briefly this:—He has purchased his own freedom by the payment of seven hundred dollars; and his wife and six children can be redeemed by the payment of the further sum of one thousand eight hundred dollars. He has already obtained by his own earnings, and by the donations of benevolent individuals in other places, for this object, about thirteen hundred dollars, leaving a balance of five hundred dollars still to be raised. By the laws of North Carolina, he cannot live there in freedom, and must therefore emigrate, and leave his wife and children in slavery, or return himself to his former condition, unless, by the timely aid of the benevolent, his family can be permitted to go with him to a land of equal laws. His credentials are, in our judgment, entirely satisfactory, and show him to be a man of excellent character, and well qualified to provide for himself and family, and to discharge the duties of a free citizen. And it is with great satisfaction that we commend him to the kindness and sympathies of all who take delight in alleviating human suffering.

E. F. Smith,	*Avist. Champion,*
Wm. Pitkin,	*O. Hastings,*
E. D. Smith,	*Ashley Sampson,*
Jonathan Child,	*A. Gardner,*
Thos. Kempshall,	*Chas. J. Hill.*

ROCHESTER, Aug. 3, 1842.

We know this Mr. Freeman, and his interesting family, and so far as piety, good sense, dignity of deportment, a refined sense of honor, and a conscientious adherence to every promise, can constitute worth, we know but few families more deserving of esteem. Unfortunately for them, they have lived in a country so barbarous that, without any fault of theirs, the laws are so horridly unjust as to have put Mr. Freeman and his wife and all their children in the absolute power of an individual of high standing;* and this individual is so lost to all sense of justice, and even decency, that he does not scruple to use the advantage given him to the utmost extent the laws will allow. For a very large sum of money he has heretofore consented to give up his hold upon Mr. Freeman himself, but he still maintains his claim to the absolute ownership of Mr. Freeman's wife and children; and declares that, unless Mr. F. will pay him, in the course of a few weeks, the sum of twenty-seven hundred dollars, he will take his wife and all his children away from him, leaving his home and heart as desolate as human brutality can make them. If he chooses, he will give Mr. Freeman's wife to another man, compelling her, although a Christian, to conform to his despotic behests, and will sell their amiable daughters to any wretch who may desire to gratify his lust, and will scatter their bright little boys wherever he can find men remorseless enough to give money for the privilege of exercising a cruel control over other people's children. We ask our readers to look at this plain statement of Mr. Freeman's condition, and to recall to mind all the most atrocious cases that they ever heard or read of man's suffering by the wanton cruelty and arbitrary power of his fellow-man, and see if they can find a single case of misery so affecting, or of injustice so diabolical. Just make the case your own, reader, and suppose, in the first place, that there were laws so far transcending the code of Pandemonium, as to give this power; and then suppose that there was a being in human form so much worse than Moloch as to exercise this power in such a way for his own advantage. Yet it is here certified that there is a man in the United States, named Waller Freeman, who is now actually suffering this atrocious wrong! O, my country! What awful doom awaits the land that allows one such case to go unredressed—that has so legislated as to make such a course possible—that continues the laws under which such iniquity shields itself—that even countenances, and protects, and patronizes such a crime, not only against one man, but subjecting three millions of its inhabitants, one-sixth of its whole population, to the daily suffering of such unparalleled outrages? Shall not God himself be avenged of such a nation? Shall not history record the name of the wretch who has dared, in the face of Heaven, to inflict such wrong upon Waller Freeman, and his innocent and worthy family?

* The *Hon.* George E. Badger.

CHURCH ACTION ON SLAVERY.

BAPTIST CHURCH, FOXBOROUGH, MASS.

At a meeting of the Baptist church, for regular church business, the following resolutions were freely discussed, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the abolition of American slavery demands the fervent prayers and united efforts of every friend of the human race.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our colored brethren who are now the victims of injustice and cruel bondage.

Resolved, That to hold our fellow-men as property, to deny them the enjoyment of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and to rob them of the fruit of their toil and themselves, are things contrary to the spirit of the gospel of Christ.

Resolved, That slavery sets at defiance the law of God, which demands us to love our neighbor as ourselves.

Resolved, That it is the solemn duty of the Church at the North to expostulate with their brethren at the South, in the spirit of Christian affection, to refrain from this unrighteous course, and use their influence to wipe away this foul stain from the Church and the world.

Resolved, That as a church we cannot conscientiously countenance the sin of slavery, by extending the hand of fellowship to those who continue to hold their fellow-men in bondage, after having been affectionately entreated to refrain from it.

Voted, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to the editors of the Christian Reflector and Christian Watchman, for publication.

Attest, MARTIN TORREY, *Ch. Clerk.*
August 5th, 1842.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HENNIKER, N. H.

At a meeting held August 8, the following resolutions were passed upon the subject of slavery. They also voted to request the publication of them in the Journal:

Resolved, That we regard the system of American slavery a sin against Heaven, and an outrage on the dearest rights of man; as productive of disorder in society, of enmity between man and man, and of various forms of vice; and as a direct violation of the golden rule, Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Resolved, That we believe churches at the North have an imperious duty to perform, in bearing decided testimony against the sin of slavery.

Resolved, That as a large portion of the slaves in our country have no religious instruction, it becomes our duty to make unwearied efforts for their liberation and salvation; and, as one of the means, we will observe a monthly concert of prayer on their behalf.

Resolved, That, as love to God and love to man are the foundation of our holy religion, we cannot regard that church with approbation which, in any way, countenances the system of slavery; and, also, that it becomes our duty to withhold Christian fellowship from those who continue, contrary to the law of love, to hold or traffic in slaves.

In behalf of the church,
E. B. FOSTER, *Clerk.*
August 13th, 1842.

BAPTIST CHURCH, RICHFIELD, N. Y.

Resolved, That we will receive no persons into the fellowship of this church, who will not favor the cause of temperance, both by precept and example.

As slavery is a political and moral evil of the *most flagrant character*, subversive of the unalienable rights of man, and of every fundamental principle of morality and religion; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it our indispensable duty to labor and pray for its peaceful abolition, and also to withdraw our fellowship from the guilty.

These are standing resolutions.

HIRAM HUTCHINS, *Pastor.*

OTSEGO BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The following resolution was passed by this body unanimously, and without debate.

Resolved, That American slavery is sinful under all possible circumstances, that its essential ingredients are those flagrant violations of God's law and the rights of man, which the Bible everywhere condemns, and it becomes the duty of every Christian faithfully to labor, and constantly to pray, for its speedy and peaceful abolition.

H. HUTCHINS, *Clerk.*

BAPTIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

The following preamble and resolution have recently been adopted, as the voice of the Baptist church in Westminster:

Whereas, American slavery annuls the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, that all men are born free and equal, possessing certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and, whereas, it must be considered in all its features as an unfruitful work of darkness, and a most heinous sin in the sight of God, in which not only our nation, but many of the professed followers of Christ are engaged:

Therefore, Resolved, That we, the members of the Baptist church, in Westminster, Mass., do hereby withdraw our fellowship from slaveholders, and slaveholding ministers, as such.

In behalf of the church,
GEO. D. FELTON, *Pastor.*
August 15, 1842.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, IN BENNINGTON, OHIO.

Resolved, That this session highly approve of the decision of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America, on the subject of slavery, in which they decide that the buying, selling, and holding of slaves for the sake of gain, is a heinous sin and scandal. And this session hold that it ought to be abandoned immediately.

Resolved, That this session highly appreciate the decision of

to exercise discipline on those who attempt to justify slavery from the scriptures.

Resolved, That this session will not admit any known slaveholder to membership in this church.

Resolved, That this session will not permit any known slaveholder to preach in the pulpit of this church. A true copy,

ROBERT B. DOBBINS, *Stated Clerk.*

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PROVIDENCE.

The following preamble and resolutions on the subject of American slavery, were adopted by the High Street church, (Providence,) March 4, 1842:

Whereas, The Church of Christ is the light of the world, the salt of the earth, the pillar and ground of the truth; and whereas, all professing Christians, in full communion with one another, are justly viewed as one; and whereas, the holding of human beings as property is practised by some, and openly defended by other members of the Church in our land; and whereas, we are commanded not to be partakers of other men's sins, but in any wise to rebuke our neighbor and not to suffer sin upon him; therefore,

Resolved, That American slavery is a system of unmingled and fearful wrong; at war with the letter and spirit of the Bible, and with the dearest rights and interests of man for time and eternity.

Resolved, That the immediate emancipation of the enslaved is a duty practicable and safe in all respects.

Resolved, That for this end every gospel minister and every private Christian should in all proper ways exert his influence.

Resolved, That we look with grief on the countenance slavery receives from professed believers, regarding this as one of its main pillars, and a deep injury to the name and cause of our blessed Lord.

Resolved, That, as an expression of our views and feelings on this subject, we hereby declare our purpose not to receive any who voluntarily practise slavery, or openly justify or apologize for the sin of the same, as members into this church, or, of professed ministers of Christ, into our pulpit, nor will we invite such to sit with us at the Lord's table.

Attest, CHARLES D. GREEN, *Clerk.*

SLAVEHOLDING CHRISTIANITY.

George Trask, one of the speakers at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Abolition Society—related the following occurrence, as told him by a gentleman who had travelled at the South.

A freshet in Georgia swept away many mills, among them one of great value. The owner sent three miles for a skillful slave carpenter to come and see what could be done to repair the damage. On his way, the carpenter must pass another plantation. The owner called for his pass. He presented it. The planter read that the slave was to be absent one day. He went on, but was detained so that he could not return the same day. On the day following, when he went back, the planter set his five hounds upon the carpenter. He stepped back against a Virginia fence, seized a stake, and mowed down the dogs. Their yelping called the pack of a hunter to their aid. The slave seeing nine dogs against him, jumped on the fence, and continued to sweep them down. The man aimed his musket at him, and told him to get down or he would fetch him down. Thus threatened, he descended. The dogs stripped him naked, and left him covered with blood. The slaveholder, in speaking of it, said it would have ruined the dogs if they had been beaten by the negro, and he would rather sacrifice the negro, than have his hounds spoiled. That slaveholder was a member of a Christian Church, and the slave belongs to the same. Letters from that church are good with us, if we have not taken action against slavery.

Compiled from the Boston Papers,

WELCOME TO JOHN Q. ADAMS, BY HIS CONSTITUENTS.

The reception of this venerable statesman and patriot, by his constituents of the twelfth congressional district, took place on the 17th, near Weymouth landing, in Braintree.

The procession of citizens of the district formed, at about one o'clock, in the Rev. Mr. Spear's church, in Weymouth, and marched from thence to the meeting-house of Rev. Mr. Perkins, in Braintree.—Hon. NATHANIEL MORTON DAVIS, of Plymouth, presided over the meeting, assisted by the following officers:

Vice Presidents—Seth Sprague, of Duxbury; Thomas Greenleaf, of Quincy; Micah Pool, of Abington; Minot Thayer, of Braintree; Anson Robbins, of Scituate; Sylvanus Bourn, of Wareham.

Secretaries—Sidney H. Gay, of Hingham; John A. Green, of Quincy; John M. Spear, of Weymouth.

Over and around the pulpit were painted, on white canvass, the following inscriptions of welcome to the able defender of the right of petition and the rights of man. Over the pulpit: "*Let there be light.*" On the right: "*Welcome, defender of the right of petition.*" On the left: "*Shame on the nation that fosters and sustains an institution, which dares assail, and would destroy, the sacred right of petition.*"

The church was thronged and crowded in every nook and corner. Upon the entrance of Mr. Adams, the whole assembly, ladies included, rose to welcome him. After a prayer by Rev. Mr. Perkins, of Braintree, the President, Mr. Davis, addressed to Mr. Adams a brief but excellent, appropriate, and expressive welcome, which was cordially and warmly approved by the assembly.

Mr. Davis commenced, by a happy allusion to the wide extent from which the constituents of Mr. Adams had assembled to do him honor. They had met from all quarters of the district—from Plymouth Rock to the Neponset—to welcome the return of their venerable representative from the longest session of Congress he had attended during the ten years in which he had been their representative on the floor of Congress. They had assembled not to thank him for his fidelity in one session merely, but to show to him the accumulated gratitude for his services, during the whole time they had been a congressional district. He could assure him, that at no time had the value of those services been more highly appreciated. Mr. D. referred, with encomiums, to the course of Mr. Adams, in reference to the tariff—his manly and courageous defense of the right of petition, even when, in consequence of his courage and zeal, his expulsion had been threatened by the infuriated advocates of slavery. He referred with pride and pleasure to the signal and merited defeat of this attempt of the South to silence the defender of the sacred right of petition. The endeavor to disarm the venerable champion of the rights of man had yielded to them a triumph of which southern chivalry had little to boast.

"The foes he singly kept at bay
Outnumbered his hairs of silvery grey."

Mr. Davis referred to the value and sacred nature of the Union. None could be more ardently attached to it than the constituents of Mr. Adams—but they could never consent to sacrifice to it inalienable and inestimable rights. They would never be false, even to preserve that Union, to the spirit of those who framed it. They would never consent that the institution of slavery should be permitted to destroy and alienate sacred rights.

The citizens of the twelfth district had assembled to do honor to the most fearless asserter of the right of petition—the most zealous supporter of the cause of protection to free labor—and the unyielding opponent to the intrigues of the champions of slavery, in their attempts to procure the annexation of Texas, and to involve this country in a war with Mexico. Ever at his post—by day or by night, in youth and in age—no matter how violent the assaults of his opponents—the soldier of freedom has never once abandoned his post. Amid insult and abuse, he has met the fiercest fury of southern invective. Breasting the mad dashing of the wildest waves—amid the fiercest of the storm—he has stood like a watch-tower of defense.

His constituents have met to congratulate him upon his safe return to this, the old town of Braintree, the birthplace of his father and of himself.—Mr. Davis proceeded to pass a high but deserved eulogium upon the public services of Mr. Adams's whole life.

Mr. Adams appeared at first so deeply moved by the welcome of Mr. Davis, that it was with difficulty he could express his thanks for the kind greeting with which he had been received. He said he felt embarrassed, and knew not what to say. His first impulse was gratitude to God, who had spared him for so many occasions of grateful pleasure—gratitude to his constituents—sincere, intense, and swelling with a generous impulse, for all the favors he had received at their hands. Not the least of these was their recommission of their trust to his hands, during the whole time of their existence as a congressional district. He had first been a representative from the district when it was the Plymouth district, under the apportionment of 1820. A majority of his present constituents were of a different generation from those who first elected him to Congress, and were then boys at school. Five successive times, and during the whole of their existence as the twelfth congressional district, they had honored him with their confidence—and, even now, when they had almost ceased to exist as a congressional district, and during the brief term which still remained, he was, as it were, but the executor of their last will and testament. He could not be insensible to the evidence they had afforded him, at the time when the people at large had selected another chief magistrate in preference to him, that the people of the Plymouth district had lost none of their confidence in him. He had ever endeavored faithfully to discharge his duty as their representative—not to his district merely—to the State—to the whole country—as a man to his fellow-men, irrespective of condition or complexion.

Mr. Adams then proceeded to a general review of many of the public measures which had, from time to time, agitated the public mind; tariff, nullification, Tyler's vetoes, &c.

The manner in which the recognition of the independence of Texas by this country was brought about, was alluded to in indignant terms by Mr. Adams, and the conduct of the United States in everything that relates to Texas thus exemplified:

The base and corrupt spirit at the bottom of the administration of this country, is seen in everything relating to Texas. Coming down to 1841, let us look at the much-talked of Santa Fé expedition. This was a marauding and hostile invasion, planned, fitted out, and undertaken in the United States, and by citizens of the United States, against the Mexican city of Santa Fé. It was luckily unsuccessful, for they did not even put a price upon their lives, but surrendered at discretion. Had it chanced otherwise, the consequences might have been most disastrous. And how were these pirates treated? We are accustomed to think of Santa Anna as a kind of *horned beast*, very terrible and sanguinary. But how did he treat these prisoners? Why, the government of the United States was immediately besieged with applications in behalf of these unfortunate *traders* and *pleasure travellers*—and Santa Anna has released every one of them! Had a similar expedition been undertaken by as many British subjects, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, against the city of Philadelphia, and been intercepted by him, as the Santa Fé marauders were by Santa Anna, what think you, would Jackson have done with them? *Let Arbuthnot and Ambrister answer.* He would have hung up every one of them at the first tree he could come at.

Another fact may be stated in illustration of the feeling towards Texas. On the last day but one of the last session of Congress, a bill was introduced in the Senate (which, by the way, had no right to originate such a bill) to appropriate a sum of money, to defray the expenses of the *treaty with the Wyandot Indians*—and in that bill were two sections pertaining to subjects somewhat different, which, therefore, upon Mr. Tyler's principle of not joining disconnected subjects in one bill, would have justified him in refusing it his signature. He signed it notwithstanding. The second section appropriated $100,000 *to defray the expenses of the Courts of the United States.* The third section *appropriated six thousand dollars, to pay the expenses incident to the capture of the Santa Fé prisoners.* This section the House struck out. On the next day, within half an hour of the adjournment of Congress, a *joint resolution* was introduced in the Senate, by Mr. W. C. Preston, of South Carolina, to pass this appropriation; and it went, without opposition, through the Senate and the House, and received the signature of the President. And mark you, this was a *joint resolution*, in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that no money shall be taken from the treasury of the United States, except according to *law*—and we all know that a law must be introduced in the form of a bill, and have several readings, and go through various formalities, and is a very different thing from a joint resolution! This is the way with everything in relation to Texas.

It may be expected that I should say something here concerning the right of petition—a right most dear, I am aware, to you, and most vital to the country. I have done all that I could to preserve and defend that right, but in vain. It has been denied you—and I have no hope that I can do anything effectual, during the brief term of service which remains to me as your representative, to regain it. Could I do so, I should esteem it the chief glory of my life.

Perhaps my own violence of manner at times requires some apology. I do not pretend to be more than human, and it may be true that I have sometimes used expressions which outran what it became me to say, but not what it became those who provoked them to hear. But the truth is, no other man is attacked in the way that I am. There is at least one apology for me, which I hope all my constituents will bear in mind; the attacks on me were always of a personally abusive character, and therefore more trying.

Besides the personal nature of these attacks, I was subjected to the grossest misrepresentations, perversion and falsehood, and often without a chance of replying to these cruel, unjust and calumnious attacks, under a rule of the House that no one should speak twice upon the same subject, until every member had spoken who desired to speak. Often, when I made remarks upon any subject, a number of members would rise one after another and attack me, without any chance of reply. Seldom was any opportunity given for a defense, or a reply, except on those occasions when I stood before the House arraigned as a culprit. I have been accused both in and out of Congress, with invoking the God of battles—a thing I never did in my life. Even my colleague, Mr. Cushing, regretted, in the House, that I had invoked the God of battles. I went to him and told him that I should call for *proof* that I had ever invoked the God of battles. Mr. Irwin, another member of the corporal's guard, so called, made the same accusation. The fact is, they merely mistook a *deprecation* for an *imprecation*—a *slight* mistake to be sure—but which materially affects the theory of my motives.

Perhaps my vote on the tariff bill may require especial explanation here. I am glad that the bill passed, although I voted steadily against it, and I think the whigs did right to pass it. But I thought the distress which the postponement of a tariff until the next session of Congress would occasion, would be of short duration, while I regarded distribution as a *permanent* and most important principle—and I believed that if once abandoned, it would be abandoned forever, and would not, therefore, in view of all I had said and all I had written, avert a temporary distress by the sacrifice of a principle which I considered of the highest importance both to you and to your posterity. To be sure, as it turned out, my fears were not realized—for a distribution bill was subsequently passed, detached and by itself, and by considerable majorities. Yet the President put it in his pocket.

My career as your representative is now closed. Let me end as I began, with my thanks to you for your constant and uniform support for so long a period and on so many trying occasions. I can never more be the representative of Plymouth Rock—but my prayers shall never cease to ascend for your prosperity and your happiness.

The address occupied about three hours, and was for the most part extempore. It was listened to with great attention, and received with constant applause. After its conclusion, the following resolutions were offered by *Seth Sprague, Jr.* and adopted by acclamation:

Whereas, the Hon. John Quincy Adams has for ten years been the representative of this district in the Congress of the United States, and that relation being soon to cease, by the formation of new districts, agreeable to the late apportionment law of Congress—we deem this a fit occasion for the expression of our feelings and opinions, in relation to the manner in which he has performed the duties of his station.

Resolved, That we have always cherished the strongest attachment to the Union of these States, and would always indignantly frown on any attempt to alienate any one portion of the people from another; that we disclaim all wish or desire to infringe on the constitutional rights of other States: And we cannot but view the violation of rights secured to us by the Constitution of the United States, by sister States, and the denial of the right of petition by Congress, as tending to consequences destructive to the best interests of the Union.

Resolved, That a petition is the most humble and respectful mode in which any people can make their wishes and grievances known to the rulers of a nation, and we cannot degrade ourselves by asking as a favor, that which the greatest despot does not refuse the meanest of his subjects: that the Congress of the United States, in refusing to receive the petitions of our citizens, has been guilty of an unwarrantable and arbitrary assumption of power, a grievous wrong, in violation of constitutional right: that the Hon. John Q. Adams, in resisting these encroachments, and nobly and fearlessly contending against them, is entitled to our warmest thanks, and lasting gratitude; that the people of this Union owe him, and posterity will award him, this homage and gratitude for contending for a principle, the denial of which strikes at all true liberty.

Resolved, That the watchful care for the well-being of this nation, manifested by our representative, in his warning voice against the design of a war with Mexico, and his deep foresight, and profound wisdom, in exposing the designs and preventing the annexation of Texas to the United States, has saved the country from internal commotion, and from consequences which every friend of humanity must have deplored.

Resolved, That the attempt of a few members of the House of Representatives to censure and degrade our aged and venerable representative, for the performance of that which he considered his duty, and which was his constitutional richt, was a violation of individual privilege. We admire his masterly defense—we congratulate him on his victorious and complete triumph over his assailants.

Resolved, That the assiduous and untiring devotion of Mr. Adams to the duties of his station, his fidelity to the interests of his constituents, his utter fearlessness in exposing error and defending truth, excite emotions not easily expressed; and though we may not all remain his constituents, it is ardently hoped that we, and all our fellow-citizens, may for many years reap the fruit of his long experience, his profound knowledge, and his matchless talents in the councils of the nation.

The assemblage then broke up, after singing the following spirited ode, by John Pierpont.

TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
On his return from Congress, September 17th, 1842.

Not from the bloody field,
Borne on his battered shield,
By foes o'ercome;
But from a sterner fight,
In the defense of Right,
Clothed in a conqueror's might,
We hail him home.

Where slavery's minions cower
Before the servile power,
He bore their ban;
And, like an aged oak,
That braved the lightning's stroke,
Stood up, A MAN.

Nay—when they stormed aloud,
And round him, like a cloud,
Came, thick and black,
He, single-handed, strove,
And, like Olympian Jove,
With his own thunder, drove
The phalanx back.

No leafy wreath we twine,
Of oak, or Isthmian pine,
To grace his brow;
Like his own locks of gray,
Such leaves would fall away,
As will the grateful lay
We weave him now.

But time shall touch the page
That tells how Quincy's sage
Has dared to live;
Save as he touches wine,
Or Shakspeare's glowing line,
Or Raphael's form divine,
New life to give.

Communications.

LETTER FROM GEORGE BRADBURN.

BATH, Maine, Sept. 15th, 1842.

I arrived at Bath on Saturday morning, the 3d instant. I have lectured every evening since my arrival, excepting the last; when I attended a social meeting of friends of the cause. I have delivered eleven lectures—eight in this place, and three in its vicinity. The circumstances under which I came hither, were not favorable to obtaining a candid hearing. W. L. Garrison, Henry C. Wright, and James Boyle preceded me, and spoke on other topics than anti-slavery; this aroused the prejudices of many connected with sundry religious denominations, who could not perceive what right individual abolitionists have to form and express thoughts not of an anti-slavery character. A few supposed, very honestly, no doubt, that they were agents of some anti-slavery society; though others knew the fact to be otherwise, and all *might* have known it to be so. Therefore, the whole community, nearly, combined to hold anti-slavery responsible for what was said by them on other topics. The ignorant, and those who wished to stop the ears of the people, declared that I would "follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessors." But I took occasion to declare, in my first lecture, that, having come here under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I should know nothing, among the people, save anti-slavery; crucified as it was between two thieves, the State and the Church. My meetings have been well attended, the audience increasing with each additional lecture. Our friends say a decided impression has been made on the Gibraltar of Maine pro-slaveryism. Several have been converted, who, unlike the converts of an *un*-certain clergyman, it is hoped, will "stay converted." The cause in Bath never stood so well as it now stands; or rather, never before marched as it now marches. A favorable indication was presented, in the result of the election here, which came off on Monday. Yet has it a powerful opposition to struggle against. About fifty ships, and between seventy and eighty barques, are owned here, and employed in carrying to Europe the blood-stained cotton and tobacco of the South. The owners of these vessels have yet to learn that the abolition of slavery would put money into their pockets. This may explain the alarming fact, that the doors of every *church* in town are slammed in the face of humanity; while those of the Baptist church were, in 1840, freely thrown open for a "whig hard-cider" carousal; and, more recently, those of the South orthodox church, for a company of Washingtonians, escorted by a military company, who performed the manual exercise within its "sacred walls."

Here, as elsewhere, I find some, who have strange notions of what is appropriate to the Sabbath. They tkink it a desecration of holy time to employ it in speaking against *sin*. Hence, they would have nothing said of anti-slavery on Sunday. They can see a propriety in making efforts, on that day, to save an *ass* which has fallen into a pit, but none at all in exertions to rescue three millions of *men*, who have fallen into the worst pit there is on this side of the infernal one. Sometime since, I spent a Sabbath at A. in Massachusetts, and delivered, in the evening of that day, a lecture on slavery. I was warned, repeatedly, by a good deacon, not to touch on the political bearings of the question.—In the morning, I went to hear the deacon's minister. His text was the beautiful passage in Paul, beginning with, "Put on the whole armor of God;" and he occupied nearly the whole sermon with giving a minute description of the "armor," worn by the old heathen knights. It probably never occurred to the deacon, that *this* was an abuse of holy time; doubtless he derived, from his parson's graphic description, much spiritual refreshment. But for me to speak, on Sunday, of the *involuntary* "armor," the thumb-screw, the fetter, the hand-cuff, and the collar, worn by three millions of Americans, and imposed on them by an "encampment" of modern Christian knights; and to point out the mode by which that "armor" might be put off, and "the whole armor of God" be "put on;" why the mere apprehension, that I *might* do this, alarmed that good orthodox deacon; and to have *done* so, would have shocked his reverence for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

Sept. 17. Though on an excursion "down East," I keep an eye on proceedings at home. The whigs, you will have seen, have held a convention in Faneuil Hall, and nominated Governor Davis for re-election to his present office. It was supposed by many, that John Quincy Adams would receive the nomination. I am glad he did not. The executive chair, even of Massachusetts, is not big enough to hold the modern Briareus. Besides, we need him where he is, to beat back wolfish slavery into its den. No other man we have, or could now have there, is competent to this work.

Since John Davis has been again presented for the suffrages of the freemen of Massachusetts, for the highest office in their gift, I devoutly wish he may give abolitionists a chance to vote for him, by signifying his acceptance of their fundamental doctrines and measures, and pledging his influence to the support of them. Let the real whigs and the real democrats of the commonwealth "question" him, as they questioned Governor Everett, on the subject. If he *be* "honest John Davis," he will declare his conviction of the truth of those doctrines, and of the soundness of those measures, and his readiness to do what he can to carry them out. If he be *not* "honest John Davis," he will do neither. In that event, will he not have proclaimed himself an enemy of the rights of human nature? And will not every citizen of the old Bay State, who cherishes, in his heart of hearts, a conviction of the "self-evident truths" that our fathers blazoned to the world in the preamble of the American Independence, will not every citizen do what he honestly may to hurl the practical scorner of those glorious truths from the exalted office which he will thus have avowed himself unworthy to fill? His rival, Marcus Morton, *has* sanctioned our doctrines and measures, though he did so somewhat stealthily; and though afterwards, as governor of the State, he refused to sign the abolition resolves which the legislature passed by an almost unanimous vote.

I am delighted at the prospect of giving the sage of Quincy a public "welcome home." *He* deserves to be so honored; so does Giddings; and so does Slade. I only regret, that the apparent value of such honors should be diminished by the bestowment of similar ones on M. C.'s who deserve only the people's execration. It is bad enough that they should meet and soft-soap each other, as at the late meeting in Faneuil Hall.

Our national Hall of Representatives was once the honored place of wise counsels, of grave deliberation, of earnest, yet dignified debate; of late, it has been transformed into "a great bear garden," in which two-legged bears congregate, and, armed with bowie-knives, dirks, and pistols, snarl, growl, foam, and fight with each other, as no *four*-legged bears were ever known to do; an arena of fierce, savage, political gladiators; an electioneering turf, on which shameless demagogues run their political hobbies, for the honors and the spoils of office—a mockery of the very *name* of "a deliberative body of freemen."

I have been detained here a couple of days. I am glad of it. It has enabled me to extend my anti-slavery acquaintance. Ever, I trust, will this visit to Bath be to me a source of delightful reflection. The abolitionists here are few in number, it is true; but they are strong in the anti-slavery faith. They are persons of clear heads, and warm hearts. Since my arrival here, several have been led to see clearly, in our doctrines, what they before saw but dimly, if at all; viz. the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration; and in our *measures*, the only legitimate mode of effecting a *realization* of those truisms. Of these, is Mr. S——, an influentini merchant of the place, an accomplished gentleman, a vigorous thinker, an enlightened Christian; in one word, a true man. My brief interview with him has done my soul good, and almost made me think better of the world. He is a subscriber to the Standard, and has made a donation of twenty dollars to the cause. Mr. S—— *has* been an active whig; but I will engage that he will never again give his vote for a slaveholder, nor for the slaveholder's apologist; and least of all, for a "northern doe-face." Of all the imitative bipeds, there is none that "imitates humanity so abominably" as the "northern doe-face." GEORGE BRADBURN.

P. S. I unfold my letter to announce an unexpected victory. A town meeting has just voted, by a small majority, that the Town Hall shall not be opened for anti-slavery meetings on the Sabbath. The meeting, with great solemnity, virtually declared, that *sin* shall not be spoken against, in the town hall of Bath, on Sunday! In view of this victory, the abolitionists have reason to thank God, and take courage. G. B.

LETTER FROM JAMES MONROE.

DANIELSONVILLE, KILLINGLY, 9th mo. 12.

I do not want the abolitionists of Windham county to think that I am unnecessarily anxious about their individual duty; but I *do* want they should all remember and come together once more at Brooklyn, ON THE FIRST TUESDAY OF OCTOBER, to attend their next county meeting. The last meeting was holden in this place, a few days since, and was one of peculiar interest; affording to all true friends of the slave great cause for thankfulness to the Author of all good. The discussions were animated, and were listened to with deep attention by a very respectable audience of sober, thinking men and women. The number present was very large, although Danielsonville is a place where there are but few abolitionists, and a camp meeting, which excited great attention among the people, was in session the same day, but a few miles distant. The people came together at an early hour, and were called to order by the excellent and faithful president of the society, Judge Griffin, of Hampton. A business committee was appointed, which reported two resolutions—one in reference to our duty as citizens of the nation, another relating to the proper course to be pursued by us, as members of professed Christian churches. These subjects were discussed by C. M. Burleigh, William H. Burleigh, Hammond, Coe, J. R. Guild, J. B. Guild, Codding, Booth, and North. The last three are agents of the State society. The best feeling prevailed throughout the meeting, which has evidently produced a very favorable impression upon the people of this place.

Great praise is due the few firm friends we have in Danielsonville, for their active exertions in making preparations for the meeting, and for the excellent and abundant repast provided for the friends from the adjoining towns, after the morning adjournment. In the evening, some of us staid and lectured to a large audience, in the spacious Congregational church, which was politely opened for our use; as it had been through the day for the society. Our remarks were kindly and respectfully received, and I was invited to lecture here again, yesterday, at 5 o'clock, P. M.; which I accordingly did, to a numerous auditory, who came together in the freight room belonging to the railroad depot, and listened for an hour, or more, in a quiet and solemn manner. I intend lecturing in the place again before long. I feel quite encouraged in regard to the whole county. I hope the large and interesting meeting held here may be followed up by another still larger, and more soul-stirring, at Brooklyn, next October. To accomplish this, I propose that *each anti-slavery family in the county send at least two representatives to the meeting.* This is a very simple way to make up a big meeting, and costs but little. What say to my plan? JAMES MONROE.

HISTORY OF COLONIZATION.

The American Colonization Society has been in existence twenty-seven years. It expended, prior to July 1, 1842, nearly one million of dollars, and conveyed to Africa 5,034 recaptured Africans, free blacks, and emancipated slaves.

In the fall of 1800, the timely discovery of a conspiracy of a large number of slaves, in Richmond and vicinity, to massacre the white population, occasioned general terror. The ringleader of the plot was a slave, named Gabriel; and in the language of Judge Tucker, "ignorant and illiterate as they [the slaves] were, they maintained a correspondence, which, *whether we consider its extent or duration, is truly astonishing.*" In the frenzy of excitement, many innocent slaves were executed with the guilty. This excited sympathy in the public mind, and many expedients were suggested to prevent, if possible, all future dangers from the colored population, or at least to obviate the necessity of putting to death any slaves for a similar offense.

The Virginia house of delegates, fearful of the consequences of a *public* discussion, passed the following resolution in *secret* session; and at intervals, for nearly five years, deliberated on the subject with *closed doors*: "Resolved, That the governor [Monroe] be requested to correspond with the President of the United States, [Jefferson,] on the subject of purchasing lands without the limits of the State, whither *persons obnoxious to the laws, or dangerous to the peace of society*, may be removed." December 31, 1800.

In January, 1802, another resolution was passed, "requesting the President of the United States, in procuring the lands, to *prefer* the continent of *Africa*, or any of the Spanish or Portuguese settlements of South America;" and also that the President be requested to obtain "a place, *without the limits of the United States*, to which *free negroes or mulattoes, and such negroes or mulattoes as may be emancipated, may be sent, or choose to remove, as a place of asylum*," &c.

In January, 1805, another resolution was passed, requesting their members of Congress "to obtain from the general government a competent portion of territory in Louisiana, to be appropriated to the residence of *such people of color, as have been, or shall be, emancipated in Virginia, or may be hereafter dangerous to the public safety.*"

As all these secret negotiations to procure a territory at home or abroad, to which criminals, free blacks, or mulattoes, might be banished, proved entirely unsuccessful, no further attempts were made till early in the year 1816. Up to this time, nothing had been said or thought of "*evangelizing poor benighted Africa*," or of *abolishing domestic slavery*, or the foreign slave trade, by the transportation of "convicts," and free negro "nuisances." Through the exertions of the Hon. C. F. Mercer, the project of forming a colonization society had been shown through Virginia, from March till December, 1816, and by him made *publicly* known in several other States, during the summer. By him also was the resolution on the subject renewed, which passed the Virginia house of delegates, December 14, 1816; and the meetings at Washington, December 21 and 28 called, which resulted in the adoption of the constitution of the American Colonization Society, January 1, 1817; whose *exclusive* object shall be "to colonize the *free* people of color to Africa, or such other places as Congress shall deem most expedient."

For further particulars, see African Repository, January and April, 1828, September, 1830, June, 1832, and November, 1833.

The number of emigrants sent to Liberia, since 1820, and the expenses of the society since its formation, may be seen by the following table:

	Expenses.
1817 to 1820,	$5,000 00
1820 to 1823,	5,627 66
1823,	4,798 02
1824,	4,379 89
1825,	10,125 85
1826,	14,779 24
1827,	13,294 94
1828,	13,458 17
1829,	19,795 61
1830,	26,583 51
1831,	27,999 15
1832,	40,365 08
1833,	37,242 46
1834,	35,556 10
1835,	51,662 95
1836,	38,157 16
1837,	29,150 42
1838,	29,117 29
1839,	51,617 17
1840,	62,526 91
1841,	54,311 84
1842, to July,	10,790 97
	$586,340 39
To this should be added amount received from United States,	130,000 00
Debt,	16,500 00
	$732,840 39

Various other expenses and donations should be added to the above amount, which are not mentioned in the receipts; making the sum total nearly, if not quite, $1,000,000. The number sent to the colony are as follows:

1820 to 1825,	390	1836,	243
1826, 7, 8, 9,	797	1837,	96
1830,	319	1838,	none
1831,	445	1839,	54
1832,	791	1840,	160
1833,	258	1841,	86
1834,	14	1842, to July 1,	200
1835,	181		
		Total,	4,034

From this number should be deducted 300 recaptured Africans; which would leave 3,704 free blacks and emancipated slaves, the American Colonization Society has sent to Liberia in twenty-two years; averaging 168 a year, a much less number than are added to the slave population every day. The territory of Liberia is about three hundred miles in length, and from ten to forty miles in width. It is occupied by four distinct colonies; viz: Monrovia, Bassa Cove, Greenville, and Maryland, settled by four societies. The total number of emigrants to these four colonies is about 5,000; and the number of the surviving colonists and their descendants now residing in Liberia is not far from 4,000. There are also about fifteen hundred natives under the jurisdiction of the colony. JOSHUA COFFIN.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXI.

What's in a Name?

Wylet was a slave to Benjamin Brannan, inn-keeper in Market-street, Philadelphia. She was born in the family of his wife's father, who registered her under the act of assembly of Pennsylvania, passed in the year 1780, for the gradual abolition of slavery. I believe it was about the year 1808, that Wylet called upon me. She said she was the slave of Brannan's wife, who had always told her that she should be free at her death.—That event having occurred, Wylet thought she ought to be free. She was about fifty years old, remarkably smart and active; and withal, not deficient in intelligence, considering her scanty opportunities. After hearing her story, I informed her that slaves in Pennsylvania were considered *personal* property; that when Brannan married her mistress, she became *his* property; and that the promise of her mistress could have no legal effect to make her free. This grieved the old woman greatly; and it was difficult to convince her that I was correct in this opinion. I inquired whether she had been registered; but she was unable to inform me. I then told her I would consider further of the matter, and requested her to call again. In the course of a day or two, I went to the proper officer to examine the record, and there found that she had been registered, by the name of "WYLET." Although the woman called herself by this name, I concluded that it might be attributed to her imperfect dialect, and that her proper name must be Violet; for I had never known any person by the name of Wylet. I then called upon William Lewis, who was not behind the foremost lawyer in Pennsylvania in legal knowledge, and explained the case to him. He agreed with me that the name was doubtless Violet, and not Wylet; and that therefore the registry was defective. He advised that a habeas corpus should be taken out, and the validity of it tested. I accordingly applied to Chief Justice William Tilghman, and procured one, which was duly served upon Brannan. The judge was a native of Maryland, and I believe, a slaveholder; but of that I am not entirely certain. Many looked upon him with a jealous eye, apprehending that he could not wholly divest himself of the prejudice so common to those who have spent the greater part of their lives in the midst of slavery; but the sequel proved they were, in this instance, mistaken; and I once heard a slaveholder remark, that "Judge Tilghman stood so straight, that he leaned backwards." He was, unquestionably, a very upright judge.

The hearing came on in the judge's chambers, in Chesnut street. William Lewis attended as counsel for Wylet, and Jared Ingersoll for the claimant. Many witnesses were examined, and they all testified that the woman had always been called Wylet. The claimant was of German descent; and although there seemed to be no doubt in the minds of any, that it was *intended* her name should be Violet, yet it was satisfactorily proved that she was *called* Wylet. The woman said she had been baptized; and the church records were thoroughly searched, hoping to find her name there recorded Violet; but it was all in vain; no record of her could be found on the church books. Wm. Lewis managed the case with great ability and ingenuity, and was replied to by J. Ingersoll with much talent. Several hours were spent in examining the witnesses, and in the argument of counsel. At length, the important period arrived when the final decision must be announced; and the countenance of poor Wylet indicated, in no equivocal manner, her deep anxiety. She alternately watched the judge, her counsel, and me. The judge evidently leaned to the side of mercy; but he considered himself compelled to decide that Wylet was a slave.—As soon as he had given this decision, Wylet looked him full in the face, her cheeks suffused with tears, and thus addressed him:

"What did you say, Mr. judge? Did you say I am Mr. Brannan's *slave?*"

"Yes, Wylet," replied the judge, mildly; "I said you are Mr. Brannan's slave."

"Well, you should *not* have said so; I ain't Mr. Brannan's slave. I belonged to mistress; and she always said I should be free at her death. I never did belong to Mr. Brannan."

Then turning to her master, she said, "You are a poor, drunken thing; not fit to have anybody; and I won't live with you."

The judge said, sternly, "Wylet! Wylet! you must not talk so."

She quietly stepped to the door, and walked away.—Brannan never troubled the old woman afterwards.

But few days elapsed, before I met Chief Justice Tilghman in the street. He pleasantly remarked, in allusion to the case of Wylet, that the ground we had taken was not tenable. I replied, that we failed to make out our case; that we were not aware we had Germans to deal with. "Wylet and Violet are so near alike," said he, "that it is like splitting hairs to make a distinction."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1842.

PRO AND CON.

B. Don't talk to me about England! What right has England to interfere with our institutions?

C. Her right for moral interference with us on the subject of slavery, is founded on the same principle as our right of moral interference with her on the subject of intemperance, or war, or any other evil. The simple fact that we are both nations of *men*, gives us a right to remonstrate with each other; that we both profess the Christian faith, renders it a duty to rebuke each other in love, and remove the veil of hypocrisy from all manner of sin. This talk that England must not interfere with America, that the North must not interfere with the South, that women must not interfere with men, all belongs to the same selfish, number-one system. It's a narrow foundation; and we need a broad one for the millenium.

B. For my part, I never could perceive what right either men or women at the North have to meddle with a subject that in nowise concerns them.

C. That is because you are looking at it with your little expediency-spectacles. It is a pity that Christians, in these enlightened days, should entertain sentiments less noble than those whom we call heathen. The ancient philosopher said, "I am a *man;* and whatever concerns *humanity*, concerns *me.*"

B. But why should we disturb the unexampled harmony, happiness, and prosperity of the country, by a useless excitement about abstract principles?

C. Alas, for your own soul, that great truths should seem to you like mere abstractions; when they are, in reality, the vital principle, without which no institutions, civil or religious, can retain other than a spasmodic, galvanized resemblance of life. You talk of the happiness and prosperity of the country; but you utterly forget a large portion of its inhabitants. What prosperity is there for him, whom the law regards as a chattel personal? Who toils early and late, and has no security but his master's will, even for a sufficiency of coarse food and coarser clothing? What happiness is there for her whose daughters are born to certain infamy, and may at any hour be sold from her arms?

B. But what is the use of discussing this agitating question *here?* Public opinion at the North is universally correct upon the subject of slavery.

C. Yet when two Baltimore slave girls escaped into Massachusetts, plenty of Boston merchants were eager to subscribe thousands to have them caught and sent back to their masters.

B. They did that merely from respect to the laws, which order the seizure of criminals.

C. What crime was committed in the case alledged?

B. That of running away from their lawful masters. You smile; but the great statesman, Henry Clay, declares "that *is* property, which the law *declares* to be property." These men—these slaves, have been honestly paid for, and the law pronounces them property. They therefore have no right to run away—at least, we have no right to help them run.

C. I thank you for your conversation; it is a striking illustration of the correctness of public opinion at the North. Yet I could see a suppressed conviction of the very truths you were talking against. The mere expression of my lips made you uneasy, when you spoke of *men* honestly paid for, and therefore property; you hastily substituted the word *slaves*, to avoid the inconvenient discord of ideas. And when you said they had no right to run away, the inward voice again checked you, and you added, "*we*, at least, have no right to help them." It may brighten your moral perceptions, to remember that each one of these human chattels is a *man;* some of them endowed by nature with deeper affections, and brighter intellect, than yourself; all of them capable of infinite progression. If you were seized by an Algerine pirate, and sold to an Arab, you would become his property, according to your own and Henry Clay's ideas. How do you think you should feel in that situation?

B. I would make the best of it while it lasted, and take my liberty the first opportunity.

C. Indeed, I trust you would not; for you know it would be a crime to run away from your lawful master.

B. But the case is very different with the blacks. They are an inferior race; and were undoubtedly made for slaves.

C. Yet your favorite Henry Clay, in the same speech from which you have quoted, says that the reason he would not vote for any emancipation, gradual or immediate, is, that in case of such an event,

that this country never was truly a republic. At the very outset, two strong parties made a compromise, by which the rights of a third and weaker party were trampled in the dust. This was the plague-spot which has ever since been spreading, and which will continue to spread, till "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Respect thy neighbor's freedom, and thereby preserve thine own, is the true maxim of Christian democracy. We have boasted of our own freedom, while we have sold that of our neighbor. The reason why democracy so continually disappoints the sanguine hopes of its friends is, that it has never been founded on gospel principles. It has always been force against force; cunning against cunning; the desire of *obtaining* power arrayed against the desire of *keeping* it. Men must learn to have faith in *principles*; they must cease to consider them abstractions, or the earnest utterance of them fanaticism. The preaching of anti-slavery doctrines has already had a renovating influence on men's ideas of freedom; and it is destined to have far greater influence than it has yet had. The abolition of negro slavery is the smallest part of the debt that mankind will owe to this agitating discussion.

B. In looking forward, I hope you do not forget the dangers, while calculating the advantages of the anti-slavery agitation. If you had a beautiful and beloved daughter, should you be willing to see her illustrate your doctrine of equality by marrying a negro?

C. In the present state of public sentiment, such an event would certainly be painful to me; not because I see anything wrong in the union of different complexions, but because she would expose herself and her posterity to every form of persecution and insult.

B. But if you lived in a community where the descendants of Africa were among the learned, the rich, and the influential, could you possibly tolerate the idea of marriage with a colored man?

C. If I lived in such a community as you describe, I trust I should not be less liberal than the public sentiment around me.

B. I must confess I was not prepared to hear you go this length. But perhaps I am unusually sensitive on this point. I was once visiting a planter's family, when it was discovered that his young daughter had been seduced by his slave. I was so shocked and disgusted, that the mere idea of amalgamation has ever since been perfectly loathsome.

C. During your visit, did you see or hear of no instance where a slave's daughter had been seduced by a planter's son?

B. I am sorry to say that was an every-day occurrence.

C. And why did it not fill you with the same abhorrence and disgust?

B. Perhaps one reason was, that it was too common to excite observation; and, besides, there is a great difference between the cases. The slave girl has no standing in society to lose.

C. There is a difference, certainly, resulting from external circumstances; for in one case, the poor man disgraces a rich man's child; and in the other, the rich man renders the poor man's child too abject and degraded a thing to be disgraced in public opinion, by becoming the tool of his vices. But there is no moral difference—I mistake; there *is* a great difference in the degree of sin; for the offense is prodigiously increased, and incomparably more mean, being committed against the helpless.

B. I have never looked at the subject from this point of view. I admit there is abstract justice in what you say.

C. Away with your *abstractions!* In the name of manhood, try to believe that justice, humanity, and freedom, are *realities*; and never to be violated with impunity, by individuals or nations.

B. Don't be violent. I am as much of an abolitionist as you are; but I am not willing to have the claims of the slave urged at the risk of dissolving the Union.

C. I want to see the Union cemented, not destroyed; and this can never be done till slavery is abolished.—There are two elements in our government eternally opposed to each other; and one or the other must yield in the struggle. I would not surrender one principle of truth, to preserve the Union; for common sense shows that none but a bad union could require such sacrifice.

B. It would be becoming to speak more respectfully of those wise and illustrious men who formed this confederacy, and admitted slavery as an element of our government.

C. It is you who slander them. Slavery never *was* admitted as an element of the general government. The framers of the Constitution found slavery in existence; they were obliged to allude to it; and they did it in a manner that showed how heartily they were ashamed of it. They apportioned representatives and direct taxes, "according to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to servitude for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxes, three-fifths of all other persons." Having "a decent regard to the opinions of mankind," they constructed this clumsy and circuitous sentence, to avoid the use of a word so disgraceful as *slaves*.

B. The Union was formed by wise and good men; and I am not so presumptuous as to pretend to a purer conscience, or more enlightened reason. *They* saw that compromises were necessary; and they made them for the good of the country. The abominable slave trade was even then regarded as immoral, by a great many conscientious people; yet "the northern States were compelled to allow the South the importation of slaves during twenty years. Now, the right to *import*, plainly implies the right to *hold*;"* consequently, we stand pledged to sustain the South in this peculiar species of property.

C. According to these premises, if a stronger man met you alone in the wood, and threatened to stab you unless you would promise to suffocate a weak brother, you not only would feel compelled to aid in suffocating him, but you would deem yourself bound never after to write a book, or deliver a lecture concerning the criminality of such proceedings. I admit that the framers of our government did make a compromise of principle, under the impression that necessity compelled it. The country was impoverished by protracted war; the people were impatient for a settled government; and then, as now, the South refused to co-operate, unless she could have all she demanded. It was the duty of the northern States to refuse union with *them*, on any other terms than the abolition of slavery; but men were afraid to assume the high standard that it was safe to perform duty, and leave the event with God. The debates were long and earnest, and tradition says that a great deal of sound anti-slavery doctrine was uttered; but slavery demanded that the discussion should be carried on with closed doors, and the members not be allowed to write letters to their constituents or families. The revolution had sent abroad such a glowing spirit of liberty, that they did not dare to have the people hear anything about slavery. Our fathers were overborne by the pressure of circumstances; and while they carefully kept out slavery as an element in the general government, they admitted certain provisions, which they deemed of temporary necessity; not having the slightest doubt that slavery would soon die under the influence of our free institutions. They compromised with wickedness to a degree, and on us devolve the bitter consequences. But they never sanctioned slavery; and even if they had pledged us to perpetual partnership with oppression, that would not absolve us from obedience to our Heavenly Father, who expressly commands us to "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

B. I recollect hearing Mr. Otis say, at Faneuil Hall, that some of the anti-slavery people "carry their fanaticism so far, as to maintain that *the duties of religion and morality transcend those which result from the Constitution and treaties!*" A stop must be put to such dangerous doctrines.

B. You *cannot* stop them. The South has long called upon the North to curse and destroy abolition. The North will be obliged to answer as Balaam did of old, "How can I curse what God has *not* cursed?" Move as you will, you can but strengthen our stakes, and enlarge our borders. Let us alone, and our principles will spread like vegetation under the sunshine and breezes of spring. Attack us, and you will find that violence, acting on a firm and conscientious purpose, is like a current of air to a conflagration; the fire increases the wind, and the wind increases the fire. Besides, you pro-slavery gentlemen are placed in a very inconvenient position. The precepts of our religion, the maxims of our government, the spirit of the common law, and the democratic tendency of the age and the people, are so much opposed to slavery, that you are obliged to *call* yourselves abolitionists, even while you hate the idea that the word implies. Moreover, you greatly mistake the character of the people engaged in this cause. They are not a handful of fanatics, carried away by a fiery and transient zeal. "The nation was winnowed to furnish men of the most unquenchable enthusiasm, the most obstinate constancy." The North may pelt us with eggs and brickbats; the South may threaten with pistol, dirk, and halter. To both, we reply, as David did to the giant of Gath, "Thou comest to *me* with spear and shield; but I come unto *thee* in the name of the *Living God!*"—L. M. C.

* Speech of Harrison Gray Otis, at the great pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall.

DR. CHANNING'S ADDRESS AT LENOX.

An extract from this is given on our first page. To me, it seems more eloquent and more satisfactory than anything Dr. Channing has ever published on the subject. He has written much on slavery in a tone befitting a man and a Christian; but heretofore, there has always been something, some few sentences, or some single expression, that qualified my hearty admiration. But this address is altogether unexceptionable, and every way worthy of himself and the cause he advocates. In the name of God and humanity, I thank him fervently.

An article in the New-York Evening Post, preceding the publication of this address, gave the impression that Dr. Channing *repudiated* the abolitionists, as if there were something in their principles or measures, *unworthy* of his co-operation. This impression gave me pain. I have never liked to hear him repudiate the abolitionists, or the abolitionists repudiate him. We are all working to advance the same great principles, and if we cannot see eye to eye, by reason of diversity of gifts and temperaments, let us not *obstruct* each other's paths. I by no means regret that Dr. Channing belongs to no society, and acts altogether independently, as an individual. With him it is a free and conscientious choice, as to his own best mode of doing good; and the effect is to increase his influence with a large class of minds. Abolitionists may honestly rejoice in the result of this course, though they could not respect him if he pursued it for the *sake* of effect.

As for *honor* who cares for it? Surely not a soul like Dr. Channing's; and as for the abolitionists—they who have been above caring for *dis*honor will not quarrel for honor.

Dr. Channing thus simply and courteously explains his own individual position:

"I have said that I speak only from the impulse of my own mind. I am the organ of no association, the representative of no feelings but my own. But I wish it to be understood, that I speak from no sudden impulse; from no passionate zeal of a new convert; but from deliberate and long-cherished conviction. In truth my attention was directed to slavery fifty years ago, that is, before most of you were born; and the first impulse came from a venerable man, formerly of great reputation in this part of our country and in all our churches, the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, who removed, more than a century ago, from Great Barrington to my native town, and there bore open and strong testimony against the slave trade, a principal branch of the traffic of the place. I am reminded by the spot where I now stand, of another incident which may show how long I have taken an interest in this subject. More than twenty years ago, I had an earnest conversation with that noble-minded man and fervent philanthropist, Henry Sedgwick, so well and honorably known to most who hear me; on which occasion we deplored the insensibility of the North to the evils of slavery, and inquired by what means it might be removed The circumstance which particularly gave my mind a direction to this subject, was a winter's residence in a West Indian island, more than eleven years ago. I lived there on a plantation. The piazza in which I sat and walked, almost from morning to night, overlooked the negro village belonging to the estate. A few steps placed me in the midst of their huts. Here was a volume on slavery opened always before my eyes, and how could I help learning some of its lessons? The gang on this estate, (for such is the name given to a company of slaves,) was the best on the island, and among the best in the West Indies. The proprietor had labored to collect the best materials for it. His gang had been his pride and boast. The fine proportions, the graceful and sometimes dignified bearing of these people, could hardly be overlooked. Unhappily, misfortune had reduced the owner to bankruptcy. The estate had been mortgaged to a stranger who could not personally superintend it; and I found it under the care of a passionate and licentious manager, in whom the poor slaves found a sad contrast to the kindness of former days. They sometimes came to the house where I resided, with their mournful or indignant complaints; but were told that no redress could be found from the hands of their late master. In this case, of a plantation passing into strange hands, I saw that the mildest form of slavery might at any time be changed into the worst. On returning to this country, I delivered a discourse on slavery, giving the main views which I have since communicated; and this was done, before the cry of abolitionism was heard among us. I seem then to have a peculiar warrant for now addressing you. I am giving you not the ebullitions of new vehement feelings, but the results of long and patient reflection; not the thoughts of others, but my own independent judgments. I stand alone; I speak in the name of no party. I have no connection, but that of friendship and respect, with the opposers of slavery in this country or abroad. Do not mix me up with other men, good or bad; but listen to me as a separate witness, standing on my own ground, and desirous to express with all plainness what seems to be the truth.

LUTHER BRADISH.

This gentleman is now candidate for governor of New-York. A letter from him, in reply to abolitionists, some years ago, will be found on our first page. It needs no praise; especially when it is considered that public sentiment was far less advanced then, on the subject of anti-slavery, than it now is. It made Mr. Bradish exceedingly unpopular at the time. The opposite party exulted over it as a mistake most ruinous to his reputation, and political prospects; and many of the whigs declared that he never again could be nominated to *any* office. A whig meeting was held in the city of New-York, in which they publicly abjured him as an aider and abetter of abolitionists, and therefore unfit to be sustained by his party.

Only four years have elapsed, and Luther Bradish is nominated for the highest office in the State. Is his abolition letter forgotten, or have the whigs learned that the anti-slavery sentiment is an element not to be disregarded?

Would that Mr. Bradish had been *consistent* in the honorable course indicated in his letter. He is "utterly opposed to slavery, in all its forms, as a great evil, moral and political;" yet he has publicly pledged himself to support Henry Clay for the Presidency; a man who has not only unblushingly, but even boastfully announced, in the Senate of the United States, that he is "*opposed to all emancipation, gradual, or immediate.*" Thus does the vile spirit of party put its yoke on the neck of men, who would otherwise be pure in principle, and honest in practice.

Politics is a game of expediency; its science consists in a nice calculation of present availability. Those skilled in such calculations can decide for themselves, whether Luther Bradish, as governor, would be likely to do more to sustain Henry Clay, than Luther Bradish, as a private citizen.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENT.

We publish, by particular request, the admirable document issued by the American Society, at its formation. We know of nothing in the annals of human freedom more worthy of being republished every year. No assembly of men ever met together for a more pure and generous purpose, or were inspired, for the time, with a more holy and self-sacrificing zeal—peaceful as the apostles, brave as the representatives of the Swiss cantons, when they swore their terrible oath of freedom, by the midnight watch-fire, in the solemn silence of the Alps.

The meeting passed unheeded by its time, as did the preaching of the fishermen; it was scorned by its generation, as the voice of the prophet ever is; but it will leave its impress on the nation and the age.

It is generally known that this document, so eloquent in its earnestness, so pure and lofty in its moral tone, was penned by William Lloyd Garrison; the convention having unanimously chosen him to utter the one heart that was in them all. Beriah Green presided during that memorable Convention, and the Declaration wrought such an effect on him, that in his affectionate enthusiasm, he carried away, as a consecrated relic, the lamp by which it was written.

As the beautiful past rises up before us, shall we mourn that the demons of sect and party have divided among them the garment that was once whole and without seam? No, regardless of the things that are behind, let us press onward to the prize of our high calling.—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 37.

I wish I could walk abroad without having misery forced on my notice, which I have no power to relieve. The other day, I looked out of my window, and saw a tall, gaunt-looking woman leading a little ragged girl, of five or six years old. The child carried a dirty little basket, and I observed that she went up to every door, and stood on tiptoe to reach the bell. From every one, as she held up her little basket, she turned away and came down the steps so wearily, and looked so sad—so very sad. I saw this repeated at four or five doors, and my heart began to swell within me. "I cannot endure this," thought I: "I must buy whatever her basket contains." Then prudence answered, "Where's the use? Don't you meet twenty objects more wretched every day? Where can you stop?" I moved from the window; but as I did so, I saw my guardian angel turn away in sorrow. I felt that neither incense nor anthem would rise before God from that selfish second thought. I went to the door. Another group of suffering wretches were coming from the other end of the street; and I turned away again, with the feeling that there was no use in attending to the hopeless mass of misery around me. I should have closed the door, perhaps, but as the little girl came near, I saw on her neck a cross, with a rudely carved image of the crucified Saviour. Oh, blessed Jesus! friend of the poor, the suffering, and the guilty, who is like thee to guide the erring soul, and soften the selfish heart? The tears gushed to my eyes. I bought from the little basket a store of matches for a year. The woman offered me change; but I could not take it in sight of that cross. "In the Saviour's name, take it all," I said, "and buy clothes for that little one." A gleam lighted up the woman's hard features; she looked surprised and grateful. But the child grabbed at the money, with a hungry avarice, that made my very heart ache. Hardship, privation, and perchance severity, had changed the genial heart-warmth, the gladsome thoughtlessness of childhood, into the grasping sensuality of a world-trodden soul. It seemed to me the saddest thing that in all God's creation, there should be one such little child. I almost feared they had driven the angels away from her. But it is not so. *Her* angel, too, does "always stand before the face of her Father, who is in Heaven."

This time, I yielded to the melting of my heart; but a hundred times a week, I drive back the generous impulse, because I have not the means to gratify it. This is the misery of a city like New-York, that a kindly spirit not only suffers continual pain, but is obliged to do itself perpetual wrong. At times, I almost fancy I can feel myself turning to stone by inches. Gladly, oh, how gladly, do I hail any little sunbeam of love, that breaks through this cloud of misery and wrong.

The other day, as I came down Broome street, I saw a street musician, playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman's Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and the melancholy, to the lively "trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder; and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected around the organist; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully toward the window, waved their hats, and called out, "More, if you please!" One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute, four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave *such* a look! "Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered, in tones expressing the deepest emotion, "No, sir, God bless you all—God bless you *all*," (making a courtesy to the young lady, who had stept back, and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window,) "I will play no more to-day; I will go *home*, now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away, she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her, then turning toward the now closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed, better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus repress our sympathies, and chill the genial current of nature, by formal observances and restraints?

I thank my heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love. I thank him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with blessing. "What shall be our reward," says Swedenborg, "for loving our neighbor *as* ourselves in this life? That when we become angels, we shall be enabled to love him *better* than ourselves." This is a reward pure and holy; the only one, which my heart has not rejected, whenever offered as an incitement to goodness. It is this chiefly which makes the happiness of lovers more nearly allied to heaven, than any other emotions experienced by the human heart. Each loves the other better than himself; each is willing to sacrifice all to the other—nay, finds joy therein. This it is that surrounds them with a golden atmosphere, and tinges the world with rose-color. A mother's love has the same angelic character. More completely unselfish, but lacking the charm of perfect reciprocity.

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word, LOVE. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles, if we will.

"Love is the story without an end, that angels throng to hear;
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart."

From the highest to the lowest, all feel its influence, all acknowledge its sway. Even the poor, despised donkey is changed by its magic influence. When coerced and beaten, he is vicious, obstinate, and stupid. With the peasantry of Spain, he is a petted favorite, almost an inmate of the household. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog; and he delights to take the baby on his back, and walk him round, gently, on the greensward. His intellect expands, too, in the sunshine of affection; and he that is called the stupidest of animals, becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid, to supply a set of customers. Every morning, he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known round. At last, the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with cannisters of milk, an inscription, written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk, and return the vessels; and the donkey was instructed to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty cannisters; and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull the rope downward to make them ring. The peasant afterward learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus idealize the jackass, what may it not do? Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime, and make this earth an Eden.

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts, never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained never *needed* the whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or rein, with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as with children; if accustomed to beating, they would not obey without it. But if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained forever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, gallows, and chains; while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he *might* work miracles, inward and outward, if he *would*.—L. M. C.

THE PHILADELPHIA FAIR.

We hope the notice of the Philadelphia Fair will not pass unread, and that being read it will bring forth fruit, in donations of all kinds of useful and tasteful articles. A friend of the anti-slavery cause, from the country, lately sent his gold watch to the anti-slavery office in Philadelphia, as a contribution to the Fair; saying, that he could not afford to wear a gold watch, and therefore gave it to the slave.

Preparations for the Fair are going on with great spirit; with a zeal and perseverance that no obstacles can discourage. We rejoice to hear that the country people are being aroused on the subject. One has promised to give a horse, another a calf; and doubtless there will be a full supply of eggs, and the famous Pennsylvania butter. Let every one be wide awake, do what he can, and help to nudge the elbow of his drowsy neighbors.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

This excellent little volume for children, by Henry C. Wright, is for sale at 143 Nassau street, New-York, at 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, and 25 Cornhill, Boston. It is full of short stories, founded on fact, all intended to illustrate the beauty of forgiveness. It is written in a most genial and loving spirit, and with child-like simplicity of style. I was so charmed with it, and felt so sure of its having a blessed influence on the rising generation, that I was at once siezed with a vehement desire to buy a donkey and cart, and ride round the green earth, dropping one into the hands of every little child.

☞We would call attention to the notice, by J. A. Collins, of the Anti-Slavery Convention, in Pittsburg, Pa. Read it—let it pass into your heart, and rouse you to action. This is no time to be sleeping on our oars.

The Almanac, for 1843.—These are for sale at the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street: $25 a thousand; $4 a hundred; 6 1-4 cts. single.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE FUGITIVE.—We are assured by a correspondent of the truth of the following incident, which occurred in this city within the past week:

"Twenty years ago, a negro, held as a slave by some one in Maryland escaped to Philadelphia, and took with him his little daughter, aged eight years. There they lived a long time without any to molest them or make them afraid. After a while the child, now a woman, came to this city to reside. Here she married, and here she had a family, living with her husband and children, in confident belief that no one, not even her companion, knew that she had ever been a slave. At a late hour one night last week, a stranger, (supposed to be an officer,) knocked at her door, and desired her to light him to the next house, where some one wished to see her. She took a candle and proceeded to the door, and on opening it saw, to her astonishment, the son of her old master. In a moment she extinguished the light—sprang into the yard, over the fence, and made her escape. She found a temporary asylum in the dwelling of an acquaintance, but this person being afraid of getting into trouble, desired her to seek another place. Between two and three o'clock in the night she rapped at the house of a minister of the gospel, who treated the trembling woman very kindly, and invited her to stay at his house until her husband was informed where she was. The next day a place of security was found for this poor woman and her children. The young master and the supposed officer, finding their prey had escaped, became furious, searched the house and premises, seized the clothing of the woman and carried it off. They and their assistants are now ransacking every nook and corner where they think the woman is secreted. But a kind Providence has thwarted them, and their efforts to seize and convey this woman, this wife, this mother, into slavery will be in vain. A respectable family, however, has been broken up; consternation has been carried in a peaceful dwelling, and terror has been experienced by many hundreds of unoffending persons."—*New-York Tribune.*

PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN JAMAICA.—When I went to Jamaica, seventeen years ago, in the parish of Falmouth, there was one church, the Established Church. It would not hold 500 people. There was one school, kept by a man living in iniquity. Now there are five churches, that will hold 2,000; there are three Wesleyan chapels, that will seat from 1,500 to 2,000; one Independent, I do not know what it will seat: and there are now six Baptist chapels, that will seat 7,200 persons. When I returned to Jamaica, as my esteemed friend, Mr. Gurney, is well aware, the first letter that I received, congratulating me on my return, and wishing me every blessing, *was from the hand of a man who fired one of our chapels and destroyed* another.—(*Rev. Wm. Knibb, May* 1842.

ADVERTISEMENTS DISPLAYED IN THE BRAZILLIAN JOURNALS.—*Opportunity of obtaining a Waiting Woman for one shilling.*—To be raffled for, a waiting woman, with a child eight years of age, and other objects of value. Tickets may be had at No. 61, Rue do Rosaerio." "To be sold, a little mulatto, two years of age, very pretty, and well adapted for a festival present, (Christmas box,) No. 3, Rua dos Latueiros." "To be sold, a wet nurse, mulatto girl, aged 20—has very good milk, her first child, now four months old. Rua da S. Padro, No. 180."—*Boston Pilot.*

Such incongruities are taking place all the time in the United States; but the Pilot is obliged to go abroad to make such discoveries.

Married,

At Macedon, Wayne co. on Tuesday morning, the 13th inst., by Durfee Osborne, Esq. LEWIS EDDY, of Walworth, merchant, to HANNAH, daughter of John Thorne, of Macedon.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 9th mo. (September) 27.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons each paid $2: Sidney Averhill, Hemstead Harbor, L. I.; Thomas W. Thorndyke, Ware, N. H.; Phebe H. Chase, do.; Elihu Durfee, Palmyra, N. Y.; Charles Van Ostrand, Marion, N. Y.; C. M. Billings, Hatfield, Mass.; Joseph C. Gibbons, Freemansburgh, Tompkins co. N. Y.; N. A. Durfee, Killingly Centre, Ct.; G. W. George, North Haverhill, N. H.; J. T. Gilmore, Bath, Me.—Moses Green, Ware, N. H. $1; Hazen Steward, Sharon, Vt. $1; Ambrose Burr, Plymouth, Wayne co. Mich. $3; West Thompson, Ct. package, $1 67; West Killingly, Ct. package, $1 50; Thompson Centre, Ct. package, $6; William S. Arnold, Fishville, Ct. $1; T. M. Hunt, Auburn, N. Y. $1; Lucinda Wilmarth, Providence, R. I. $23.

Donations.—Norris G. Lippitt, East Killingly, Ct. $1; Elsey Brown, do. $1; Margaret Brown, do. $1; Seth Spalding, South Killingly, Ct. $1; Edward Shaw, Thompson, Ct. $1; Charles Tucker, do. $1; Welcome W. Buck, do. $2; Samuel Bowen, do. $2; Thomas P. Green, do. $2; J. K. Collins, East Killingly, Ct. 75 cts.; Mary Essex, do. 50 cts.; Joseph D. Tourtelotte, West Thompson, Ct. 25 cts.; Stephen R. Seymour, Palmyra, N. Y. $2; Thomas Gurney, do. 50 cts.; E. Havens, do. 25 cts.; J. L. Sanford, do. 25 cts.; Pliny Sexton, $10; Manhattan A. S. Society, on account of pledge, $14 55; Long Island, by a friend, on account of pledge, $10.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Mexico.—Don N. J. Almonte, on the 4th ultimo, received from President Santa Anna the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from Mexico to the United States.

Drowned.—Mr. Nathaniel Warren, while attempting to pass from one steamboat to another, at St. Louis, on Wednesday, stepped between them, and was drowned. He was an Englishman, about fifty years old, who had resided for many years at Lexington, Ky. He was on his way to Burlington, Iowa, with his family. His unhappy wife, in a moment of frenzy at the time of the occurrence, attempted to jump overboard, but was prevented.

Melancholy Accident.—The wife of Mr. B. C. Phillips, Cincinnati, whilst in the act of filling a lamp with camphine oil, was dreadfully burned, owing to the oil in the can accidentally taking fire, causing it to explode. Her face, shoulders, breast, and hands were so injured that hardly any hopes were entertained of her recovery an hour afterwards.

Joe Smith.—The report that Joe Smith and his accomplice in the attempted assassination of Governor Boggs, had gone to England, is erroneous. He has been at or about Nauvoo ever since his arrest; for he knew full well that he was safer there than anywhere else. During this time, he has been concealed by day, and now and then seen at night—thinking that after the excitement subsided, he could come forth with impunity. He went up the river on the steamboat Galena, Saturday night, the 3d inst. Six officers had caught the scent, and were in warm pursuit. Where his destination, none know; or those who do, are Mormons, and they maintain profound silence. It is supposed that Canada will be his first resting place, for the present. His influence is on the wane; his sun has already reached its meridian height, and is now on the decline.—*St. Louis Rep.*

The Lexington.—The Tribune says: "The wreck of this ill-fated vessel has been raised to the surface of the water; but, one of the chains breaking, she again sunk in 120 feet water. The attempt is again in progress.—The $800 recovered from her were not in bills, as before stated, but in a lump of silver, weighing thirty pounds, melted by the fire, the box having been emptied on the deck to be used as a bucket for throwing water on the flames.

The Barque Kilmars.—We mentioned that the ship Sumatra, of Salem, fell in with the barque Kilmars, from Glasgow, with no one to be seen on board but the wife of the captain, in great anxiety and terror, the crew having mutinied, and her husband disappeared strangely. A boat has since been picked up, with the captain in it, and two boys that were missing with him. It seems that the captain and the boys left the ship in the boat, with the intention of proceeding to Angier, to procure the assistance of a gun-boat to take his vessel into port. The boys testify that when they left the barque, they thought that certainly in a few hours, by morning, at any rate, they could return to the vessel with the assistance they so much needed.

The captain is evidently, from the singular manner in which he has proceeded, partially insane; produced, doubtless, by the heavy burdens and troubles that have so suddenly fallen upon him; and his wife now states that she noticed a great change in him, several days previous to his being missed.

The mutineers were to be sent to Singapore for trial.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS IN OHIO.

The Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will hold a convention at Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio, commencing at nine o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday, the 18th of October; and one at or near Oakland, Clinton county, Ohio, commencing at nine o'clock, A. M. on Monday, the 24th of October. It is likely, between these two, a convention will be held at Granville, or somewhere in central Ohio, commencing at nine o'clock, A. M. on Friday, the 21st of October; but of this, particular notice will be given, should the arrangement be positively made. At all these conventions that pioneer in the anti-slavery cause, William Lloyd Garrison, has engaged to attend. It is expected, also, that our talented brother, Charles Lenox Remond, than whom none has better right, and few equal ability, to plead the cause of the bondman, will be present at these meetings; and perhaps other of our distinguished anti-slavery advocates from the East. It is likely this will prove a more interesting series of meetings, and larger than any ever held in the State. The executive committee most respectfully and earnestly invite the attendance of all. Let the friends of the Ohio American Society be *sure* to be present. We have voted that it would be proper to raise four thousand dollars, to promote the anti-slavery operations during the ensuing year. At these meetings, it will be proper to consider how this is to be done. Let every anti-slavery man in the State, no matter what his creed, or his politics, come! Let our slaveholding neighbors in Virginia and Kentucky come! They shall be welcome to the hospitalities which we propose to extend to all who attend, free of expense, during the time of the conventions. They will never have a better opportunity of learning what abolitionism really is, or to see how fast it is "dying away." A committee of arrangement will be formed in each neighborhood, which will give timely notice through the Philanthropist, to persons from a distance where to call, so as to be properly distributed among the friends who will entertain them. By order of the Executive Committee. A. BROOKE, *Sec'y.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

The announcement of the annual Fair, held by the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, has perhaps come to be regarded by you as a thing of course; and the Fair as an occurrence which will take place as certainly without your agency as with it. Our object in addressing you is to inform you that the success of this enterprise depends very much on yourselves, and to solicit your effort in its behalf. Although its management is in the hands of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, yet as its proceeds are devoted to the general interests of the cause, in its prosperity you are all concerned, and we confidently appeal to you for aid in its preparation. Time, skill, industry, money, are all requisite; and of these you are entreated to give according to your abundance. All can contribute something, and if every abolitionist would but give what may be conveniently spared, the pecuniary and other good results of our next Fair might be tenfold greater than those of any preceding one. But lest *all* should not be sufficiently zealous, let some working abolitionists make large demands on their convenience, and some sacrifice of time and money, if need be, comparing their toil with that of the slave, for whose sake they willingly endure it. In these "hard times" let not our first retrenchments be in our charities.

The community is so familiar with the details of Fairs, that it can scarcely be necessary to mention the various kinds of articles desired. Almost everything which finds a ready sale in other markets, and which is the product of requited labor, may be usefully appropriated here. Clothes, furniture, books, toys, and fancy articles of every description will be gladly and gratefully received. Those who propose to furnish us with unwrought materials will please send them seasonably.

We acknowledge with pleasure, a generous donation from an untiring friend of the cause, the value of which is enhanced by the early time at which it was given.

We call upon you, then dear fellow-laborers in behalf of the slave, (the mention of whose name should ever stir the deepest recesses of our hearts,) to aid us promptly, liberally, cheerfully.

All contributions may be sent to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, or to any member of the committee.

Committee.—Maria M. Davis, Elizabeth J. Neall, Sarah A. M'Kim, Lydia Gillingham, Huldah Justice, Emma Parker, Rebecca Shaw, Sarah Pugh, Janet Jackson, Harriet E. Purvis, Mary Grew, Taressa I. Hallowell, Margaret A. Griscom, Mary T. Stickney, Martha W. Carman, Anne M. Hopper.

9th mo. 15, 1842.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The fourth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will commence its sessions in Philadelphia on the morning of 6th day, (Friday) the 21st of the 10th month, (October).

All persons who feel an interest in this important, yet much neglected branch of the anti-slavery reform, are invited to be present. It is hoped there will be a full representation of consistent, abstaining abolitionists. We cannot promise to our friends, as an inducement for them to attend, the presence of eloquent speakers, for we know not as yet who will be there; but we invite them to come, as we would invite the attendance of the members of a family to talk over family affairs, and consult together for the promotion of the interests of all. Our object is to make abolitionists consistent—to discourage, in every form, the use of slave labor, and to encourage compensated toil. Come, then, all who feel interested in the promotion of this object—come and cheer us with your presence, and aid us by your counsel. Due notice will be given of the building in which the meeting will be held.

Anti-slavery papers, and all others friendly to our object, are requested to give due publicity to the above.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, *Rec. Sec'y.*

*** It will be observed, that this is a few days later than the usual date of our meeting—the executive committee had sufficient reasons for believing such postponement desirable.

UNION FREE PRODUCE SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Union Free Produce Society, the 28th of the 8th mo. 1842, the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz—*President*, Eli Hambleton—*Vice Presidents*, Evan Bolton, and Hannah Kent—*Recording Secretary*, Benjamin Kent—*Corresponding Secretary*, Alice E. Hambleton—*Treasurer*, E. Kent—*Acting Committee*, Wm. Brosius, Daniel Kent, jr. Sarah Hambleton, Rachel Sharpless, and Thomas Hambleton.

On motion, the following were appointed delegates to the annual meeting of the American Free Produce Society, in the 10th month next, viz—Elizabeth Kent, Alice E. Hambleton, Eli Hambleton, Thomas Whitson, Mahlon Brosius, and Sarah Hambleton.

The following resolution was offered, partially discussed, and referred to next meeting, viz:

Resolved, That the *same principle* which required the Society of Friends to *disown* their members for the hiring of slaves, would, with *equal force*, require them to abstain from the produce of the slaves' labor.

JOHN HAMBLETON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

ABOLITIONISTS! HO!!

The adjourned meeting of the Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Brooklyn, on Tuesday, October 4, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Questions of great importance will be considered.

Let no friend of God, and his perishing poor, excuse himself but from absolute necessity. Come from every hill, and valley, and plain, from every village, farm-house, and cottage, where Freedom finds a home, and a human heart beats strong for human rights.

Many friends are expected from other counties. Eminent speakers will probably be present.

C. M. BURLEIGH. *Secretary, pro tem.*

TAKE NOTICE!

County Conventions of the abolitionists in Western New-York will be held in the following places, on and after the 12th of August; to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Cayuga (South) county, Cato 4 Corners, Sept. 30, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Cortland county, Cortland, Oct. 4, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

Onondaga county, Syracuse, Oct, 7, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Chenango county, Oxford, Oct. 11, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

Oswego county, Pulaski, Oct. 14, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Madison county, Cazenovia, Oct. 18, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

Oneida county, Rome, Oct. 21, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Otsego county, Cooperstown, Oct. 25, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

——— county, ———, Oct. 28, Friday. Hudson, Tucker, Kelley, Douglas, Ferris, Smith, Bostwick, and Weed.

E. D. Hudson,

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A SONG,

DEDICATED TO FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

TUNE—Jessie the Flower of Dunblane.

The white man may boast of his culture of mind,
His genius, his taste, and his feeling refined;
But, Mary, the feelings that flow in *my* heart,
No color can give, and no culture impart.
The white man may woo his fair lady in song,
His words breathe devotion, true, ardent, and strong;
But, Mary, *he* knows not—he never *can* know,
How purely the flame in *our* bosoms can glow.
But, Mary, he knows not, &c.

He weds his fair maiden, in glory and pride,
And death only severs her form from his side;
But, Mary, a despot may part *us* for life;
The slave cannot own either children, or wife.
If death wins the object to which *he* is bound,
The tear-drops of sympathy cluster around;
But, Mary, no tear from his eyelid will start,
In tearing *us*, dear one, forever apart.
But, Mary, no tear, &c. EMMELINE.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY L. E. LANDON.

We might have been! These are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music life deplores when unavailing;
We *might* have been!

"We might have been so happy!" says the child,
Pent in the weary school-room during the summer,
When the green rushes, 'mid the marshes wild,
And radiant fruits attend the radiant comer,
We *might* have been!

It is a thought that darkens o'er our youth,
When first experience, sad experience, teaches
What fallacies we have believed for truth,
And what few truths endeavor ever teaches,
We *might* have been!

Alas! how different from what we are!
Had we but known the better path before us—
But feelings, hopes, and fancies, left afar,
What, in the wide, bleak world, can e'er restore us?
We *might* have been!

It is the motto of all human things,
The end of all that waits on mortal seeking,
The weary weight upon hope's flagging wings,
It is the cry of the lone heart while breaking;
We *might* have been!

And when, warm with the heaven which gave it birth,
Dawns on our world-worn way love's hour Elysian,
The last fair angel lingering on our earth,
The shadow of that thought obscures the vision;
We *might* have been!

A cold fatality attends on love;
Too soon, or else too late, the heart-beat quickens;
The star which is our fate springs up above,
And we but say, while round the vapor thickens,
We *might* have been!

Life knoweth no other misery. The rest
Are single sorrows; but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
The light that was the loveliest ended;
We *might* have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble;
A still voice murmurs 'mid our misery,
The worst to bear, because we must dissemble;
We *might* have been!

Life is made up of miserable hours;
And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing;
We *might* have been!

The future never renders to the past
The young beliefs entrusted to its keeping;
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping;
We *might* have been!

From the New-York American.

TO LITTLE MARY.

[The following beautiful lines were addressed to a little girl—an only child—in this city, who, in her sleep, repeated the passage she was accustomed nightly to utter before closing her eyes.]

"I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

Thou art so like a dream of heaven,
That still thy visions seem,
Like that phenomenon of sleep,
A dream within a dream!
And pure the thoughts that memory brings,
To voice thy dreaming hour;
The butterfly has closed its wings,
Upon a lily flower!
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

Not such the dream by slumber thrown,
When grief's rough swell is o'er;
The ebb of pain, its after moan!
The surge upon the shore!
Thy prayer is but the echoing
Of waking peace and love,
The rustling of the Spirit's wing!
The cooing of its dove!
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

The roses of the Persian field,
With all their wealth of bloom,
Are crush'd, though thousands may but yield
A drop of rich perfume;
And thus, the heart with feeling rife,
Is crushed, alas! by care:
Yet, blest, if suffering wring from life,
Its other drop—of prayer.
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

Mother! sweet mother! thou hast taught
That infant soul to pray,
Before a rose-leaf from its thought
The world has blown away—
Prayer! on that lip that once was thine!
Thoughts, of thine own a part!
Dropp'd jewels of thy spirit's mine,
Sleep scatters o'er her heart!
"*God bless me—make me a good girl.*"—*Amen.*

A DREAM.

BY BLAKE, THE ARTIST.

Once a dream did weave a shade,
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way,
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

"Oh, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see:
Now return, and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glowworm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round;
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home."

Miscellany.

From the "Forest Life" of Mrs. Clavers.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

(*Continued.*)

Before Caroline Hay had been three days at home, she had become painfully sensible that her father's forebodings as to the effect of a city residence, had not been unfounded. All was changed to her eye, if not to her heart. Much as she loved the dear inmates of the plentiful farm-house—and she loved them as dearly as ever—an air of coarseness, which she had never before observed, met her at every turn. Her mother's dress and occupations, the homely phraseology of her sisters, the furniture, the style of living, though certainly unchanged, or at least not changed for the worse, struck her unpleasantly, and chilled her feelings, even against the pleadings of her heart and of her better judgment. She saw and acknowledged that all was good and true, generous, and contented, and happy; that her father's house was a well-spring of bounty to all who were in need; and that to him, and to his excellent partner and help in all good things, the whole neighborhood looked with undoubting trust for sympathy and kindness. She compared the simplicity and ease of her rustic home with the feverish excitement of the scene she had left; and though her reason and her good sense told her which to approve, she found that habit had become tyrannical, and likely to maintain a struggle in her mind, which would cost her many bitter tears.

Unpleasant feelings were not wanting on the other side. So prone is youth to extremes, that it is not surprising that Caroline had used her liberty, and her father's liberal allowance, in providing herself with dress, which was rather gaudy than elegant. Her aunt had felt her inability to be a counsellor, on a subject where her own views were averse even to the smallest indulgence of taste or fancy; and the dress-maker had been but too happy to display all her art on so elegant a form—those artists generally considering their employers rather in the light of sign-posts, than of rational beings. So our poor Caroline was very fine. There were such loads of curls, that the fair-head reminded one of a flourishing bed of Scotch kail, or of the decorations of some lucky child, who, having the *petites entrées* of a carpenter's shop, makes use of the opportunity to cover her eyes and ears with elegant pine shavings. Her fingers were heaped with incongruous rings; and worse than all, were the long ear-pendants, which vibrated with every word, and seemed determined to repose their weary length on the snow-white shoulders below.

A costume, which would appear a little ultra, even in the city, wears an air of absolute ridicule, in the country; and while Caroline was feeling the plainness of her mother and sisters as a mortification to her pride, they, on their part, were absolutely ashamed of her finery. They could not think her ornaments improved her beauty; and, as a farther and incontestible proof of their rustic breeding, they told her so—which made her cry, and then they were sorry; and on the whole, there was a degree of constraint in their intercourse, which cast a shadow on the delight of having Caroline at home once more.

These things being so, we must acknowledge that it afforded rather a relief, when word came that Mrs. Thurston, overcome by distress and fatigue, added to some exposure in her night ride, was quite ill at Mr. Ellingham's, and much in need of some friendly aid from Caroline or her mother. Seymour Bullitt brought the message; and Caroline, when she saw him by daylight, was more struck than before with the marvellous improvement in his appearance, and particularly with the quiet self-possession of his manner. Indeed, she could not but own to herself that she had known a person, far his inferior, in most respects, pass in the city as a "splendid fellow;" but then, old recollections, and such a *countrified* name!

Mrs. Hay went to Mrs. Thurston, who grew worse, daily; and after a few day's effort, ague accomplished its usual work, by prostrating the nurse; and Caroline took her mother's place, by the side of the sufferer.

During this time of trial and anxiety, Seymour was by no means an idle spectator. He had become interested in Mrs. Thurston and her husband, from the circumstances of his first meeting them; and they, in turn, had appreciated his kind manner, and felt gratified by his friendly attentions. Now that they were in need of real and substantial aid, Seymour was at the service of the sick and afflicted; and many times a day might have been observed galloping in various directions, on different errands of mercy—a most useful auxiliary in the country, where population is so scattered, and the ordinary comforts of the invalid sometimes so far to seek. It not unfrequently fell to his lot to be the bearer of messages, or more ponderous matters, between Mr. Hay's house and the scene of suffering, and sometimes to escort to and fro the young nurse, when she could be spared for a little while.

They were one evening, at sunset, returning together to Mr. Ellingham's, and had turned from the high road into the wood, when they were overtaken by a horseman, whose rapid pace continued till he had passed them, when he reined up suddenly, and greeted Miss Hay as an old acquaintance. He was a young man of gentlemanly appearance, and his face was of that striking and animated cast, which one does not easily forget. His whole exterior was such as would claim some praise anywhere; and of course it was remarkable enough in a wild western forest.

Caroline was evidently embarrassed at the meeting; but recovering herself, introduced the gentleman as Mr. Avenard, and made inquiries after some city friends. The stranger's manner, in spite of manifest effort, betrayed a degree of agitation; and he eyed Seymour with no gratified air. The latter felt himself in the way, but he did not very well know how to get out of it; so the trio rode together to Mr. Ellingham's.

Here Caroline apologized for not inviting the stranger to enter, on account of the situation of the family. His dark eye flashed at this; and drawing as near her as possible, he asked, in a low tone, when he might hope to see her again.

Caroline felt cruelly embarrassed. A thousand indistinct thoughts flashed across her mind, in an instant. She knew that Avenard, though never a declared lover, had had abundant reason to suppose himself not disagreeable to her; and her heart whispered, that if her sudden departure from the city had not prevented, he would probably have been not only a declared, but an accepted one. But even the short time which had flown since her return, had been sufficient, under the circumstances, to throw an air of coldness and hollowness over most of her city reminiscences, and even over her partiality for this gay young man. The grief of Mrs. Thurston, her distressing illness, and the angelic piety which sustained her under all, had opened to Caroline a new world of thought and feeling; and the delightful consciousness of being useful, had given her a sense of the true value and aim of life. So that Avenard and his claims had been for the time forgotten; and now that they were presented anew, she felt unprepared and uncomfortable.

In reply to this question, she said, in a voice as low as his own, "I cannot receive a visit here; but if you will come in the morning, I will ride over with you to my father's."

He bowed proudly, and without speaking; and, turning his horse's head, rode away evidently dissatisfied; and Seymour Bullitt, not entering as usual, went his way, too, with his heart beating inconveniently, and his face almost as red as when Caroline first knew him—and about what?"

He could not make up his own mind on that point. What was it to him, that this dashing young stranger had evidently expected a favorable reception from Miss Hay? He called to mind all the evidences of the young lady's dislike to himself—and they were faithfully recorded in his memory—and then tried to bring proof equally satisfactory, of his own indifference to her likes or dislikes. It required all the time occupied in a very long *detour*—a gallop of half a dozen miles or so—to think over these things; and after all, when Seymour went to bed, the only fruit of his reflections was a manful resolution not to call at Mr. Ellingham's again, while the stranger was in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Thurston was so ill that night, and seemed so dreadfully prostrated in the morning, that it was feared she could not survive the day. Caroline, absorbed in grief and anxiety, had scarcely thought of her promise to Avenard; and, when he appeared to claim it, she met him at the gate, and declared it impossible to leave her friend.

"You seem to have found very dear friends here, Miss Hay," said he, bitterly.

"So dear," she replied, "that I feel that I could almost lay down my own life to save that of the one I am now attending—on her death-bed, I fear—though I have known her but for a few weeks."

"It is *new* friends, then, who are so fortunate as to interest you! Perhaps the gentleman with whom I found you riding, last evening, was one of those happy beings whom you have not known long enough to despise!"

"On the contrary," said Caroline, "he is an old acquaintance, and a particular friend of my father's family."

"Oh! an old acquaintance, and a family friend! very convenient relations, certainly; I presume you often claim his services as escort!"

"Mr. Avenard," said Caroline, with some touch of her natural spirit, though she was a little humbled by the consciousness that the gentleman had some right to complain—"I know not by what right you address yourself to me in this manner! I deny your claim to the slightest interference in my choice of society."

"Caroline!" he said, in a changed and mournful tone, "do not drive me quite mad. I am unhappy—wretched—and to you, at least, I looked for sympathy and kindness! Do not trifle with my despair, but tell me when you will give me an opportunity to converse with you, without interruption. I am about to leave the country."

Caroline was keenly touched by the change in his manner. Her eyes filled with tears, and she was on the point of promising an early meeting, when she was called anxiously from the house, and without an adieu to her companion, she was at the bedside of Mrs. Thurston in an instant.

Avenard waited as long as he decently could; and then, finding she did not return, he plunged into the wood, and hovered about, within sight of the cottage, until he had seen Semour dismount at the door, and go in without ceremony.

* * * * *

Seymour had found an excellent necessity for calling at Mr. Ellingham's. Finding a number of letters lying at the post office for Mr. Thurston, he had adjudged it incumbent on him to ride over with them; and, indeed, without this, he would have found it difficult to absent himself from a house where his services had been required daily for some time, and where he was always expected, and often waited for with anxiety.

Mr. Thurston was pacing the little garden with rapid steps, endeavoring to regain his wonted calmness, after a night of watchfulness, and great distress of mind. Mrs. Thurston was now sleeping quietly, and her physicians were awaiting with solicitude the result of her repose.

"Thou art very kind," said Mr. Thurston, as he took the letters from the hand of his young friend; and from his lips these words were not mere words of course. As he read his letters, his countenance exhibited surprise and emotion. When he had finished, he said to Seymour, that he wished immediately to send one of those letters to Mr. Hay. Seymour of course offered to be the bearer; and Mr. Thurston said,

"It is like thee, for thou art kind. Tell friend Hay, please, that I am somewhat afraid of seeming intrusive, yet I feel as if I ought not to conceal from him the intelligence contained in this letter. If I am mistaken, I trust he will excuse me."

And Seymour departed, having seen Caroline only for an instant in passing.

He was scarcely out of sight of Mr. Ellingham's, when he was joined by Avenard.

"Have you seen Miss Hay this morning?" asked the latter, abruptly.

Seymour answered that he had just seen her.

"You seem to be a favored visitor!" said the stranger, scornfully; "pray, may I ask, by what right you intrude yourself upon Miss Hay at all hours?"

"When I know by what right you interfere with my movements," said Seymour in reply, "I may be disposed to answer such a question,—not till then, certainly."

"Quite cavalier! well, sir! if I should inform you that I consider myself accepted by Miss Hay, you will think perhaps ———"

"That is a matter with which I have no concern," said Seymour, abruptly; "but my visits at Mr. Ellingham's have another object, and my visits to Miss Hay will be regulated by herself." And he quickened his horse's pace as if to escape farther discussion of a point which seemed likely to lead to no pleasant results. Indeed the stranger seemed, by the disorder and impetuosity of his manner, to have a desire to pick a quarrel, which Seymour was determined to avoid if possible, though his western blood had been stirred not a little, by the New-Yorker's impertinent air.

Before he reached Mr. Hay's, however, Avenard was again at his side, seeming hurried, as if to follow had been a recent thought.

"You are on your way to Mr. Hay's I presume," said he, more civilly than before. "I wish to call on him, and I will trouble you to introduce me, as I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. Miss Hay was not at liberty to leave her friend this morning."

Seymour bowed coldly, as if not well pleased with the office; but they presently found themselves at the gate.

Mr. Avenard was, as we have said, handsome and prepossessing; and though his manners lacked that quietness, and *retenue* which bespeak a mind at ease, he pleased Mr. Hay exceedingly, and the old gentleman's scrutiny was by no means an indifferent one, since rumors of Caroline's "New-York beau" had already reached his ears.

Seymour was ill at ease, and vexed with himself for being so; and he took the earliest opportunity to call Mr. Hay aside, to give him Mr. Thurston's letter, and the accompanying message, and to make his parting bow.

In the deep shade of the forest he endeavored to recover his wanted coolness, but in vain; and it was with a feeling of absolute despair that he, for the first time, owned to himself the interest with which Caroline, in her new character, as the angel of the house of mourning, had inspired him.

His hands abandoned the rein—he ceased to guide his horse, and he did not even notice that the animal had wandered, browsing, far from the beaten track, when he was recalled from a vortex of busy thoughts by a violent blow; and Avenard, his eyes flashing fire, his horse in a foam, and his whole appearance betokening complete distraction, stood beside him.

"Villian!" he shouted, "mean, pitiful scoundrel! this is your indifference! you were too much of a coward to dare to ayow your intentions, so you resorted to the expedient of undermining! You do not escape me!" And the madman drew a pistol before Seymour had collected his senses.

Seymour was unarmed, of course; for honest men do not carry weapons in a peaceful land;—but with the instinct of self-defense he turned upon Avenard, and he urged his horse forward with the spur. The animal was a heavy and powerful one, and easily rode down the other, which was of a lighter make, and Avenard, unhorsed by the unexpected shock, fell prostrate, with the whole weight of his own horse across his body. The pistol went off, however, and the ball broke Seymour's bridle arm. He lost all consciousness, and sank forward, with his face on his horse's neck; upon which that wise beast took the well known way to a good stable, and carried his master safely to Mr. Hay's gate.

We cannot report the extent to which our gay New-Yorker may have been injured by this rough handling, for he quitted the country without any farther effort to see Miss Hay; Mr. Thurston's letters had brought intelligence of one of those developments which too often close the career of city youths, who, unfortunately "born with the tastes of a duke without his income," find it convenient to borrow of those who have more money than they have the spirit to spend. Avenard had written somebody else's name by mistake, and received various sums of money thereupon, and he was now on his way to more congenial climes.

All that could be guessed of his intention in coming to this country was, the cruel and base design of persuading the innocent Caroline to share his exile; but we will hope he was not so utterly vile; though it may be doubted whether a person of his selfish and unprincipled habits, is capable of any form of disinterested affection.

(*To be continued.*)

MANUAL LABOR.

Richard Arkwright, it would seem, was not a beautiful man; no romance-hero with haughty eyes, Apollo-lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain, almost gross, bag-cheeked, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion;—a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards in the northern parts of England, at a halfpenny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping of razors, in lathering of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his; spindles, shuttles, wheels and contrivances plying ideally within the same: rather hopeless-looking: which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty! His townsfolk rose in mob round him, for threatening to shorten labor, to shorten wages; so that he had to fly, with broken wash-pots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay, his wife too, as I learn, rebelled: burnt his wooden model of his spinning-wheel; resolute that he should stick to his razors rather;—for which, however, he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. O, reader, what a historical phenomenon is that bag-cheeked, pot-bellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber! French revolutions were a brewing; to resist the same in any measure, imperial Kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of England; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton.

Neither had Watt, of the steam engine, a heroic origin; any kindred with the princes of this world. The princes of this world were shooting their partridges; noisily, in parliament or elsewhere, solving the question, head or tail? while this man, with blackened fingers, with grim brow, was searching out in his workshop, the fire secret; or, having found it, was painfully wending to and fro in quest of a "moneyed man," as indispensable man-midwife of the same. Reader, thou shalt admire what *is* admirable; not what is *dressed* in admirable; learn to know the British lion, even when he is *not* throne-supporter; and also the British jackass in lion's skin, even when he *is*. Ah, could'st thou always, what a world were it! But has the Berlin royal academy, or any English useful knowledge society, discovered, for instance, who it was that first scratched earth with a stick; and threw *corns*, the biggest he could find, into it; seed grains of a certain grass, which he named *wheat*? Again, what is the whole tees-water, and other breeding world, to him who stole home from the forest the first bison calf and bred it up to be a tame bison, a milk cow? No machine of all they showed me in Birmingham, can be put in comparison for ingenuity with that figure of the wedge named *knife*, of the wedges named *saw*, of the lever named *hammer*:—nay is it not with the hammer-knife, named *sword*, that men fight, and maintain any semblance, of constituted authority that yet survives among us? The steam engine I call fire demon and great; but it is nothing to the invention of *fire*. Prometheus, Tubalcain, Tripotolemus! Are not our greatest men as good as lost? The men that walk daily among us, clothing us, warming us, feeding us, walk shrouded in darkness, mere mythic men.

It is said, ideas produce revolutions; and truly so they do; not spiritual ideas only, but even mechanical. In this clanging, clashing, universal sword-dance, that the European world now dances for the last half century, Voltaire is but one choragus, where Richard Arkwright is another. Let it dance itself out. When Arkwright shall have become mythic like Arachne, we shall still spin in peaceable profit by him; and the sword-dance, with all its sorrowful shufflings, Waterloo waltzes, Moscow gallopades, how forgotten will that be?—*T. Carlyle.*

FOREIGN COINS,

With their value in Federal Money.

	Dollars.	Cents.	Mills.
A johannes,	16	00	0
A doubloon,	14	93	0
A moidore,	6	00	0
An old English guinea,	4	66	6
A French guinea,	4	60	0
An English sovereign,	4	44	4
An Irish pound,	4	10	2
A Flemish pound of Amsterdam,	2	42	7
An English pound sterling,	4	44	4
A Spanish pistole,	3	77	7
A French pistole,	3	66	6
A millree, of Portugal,	1	27	3
English or French crown,	1	10	0
Rix dollar, of Sweden,	1	02	5
Rix dollar, of Denmark,	1	01	3
A sequin of Arabia,	1	66	6
A pagoda of India,	1	94	0
A tale, of China,	1	48	0
An oz, of Persia,	1	48	2
A scudo, of Rome,	0	96	0
A ducat, of Naples	0	75	5
A ruble, of Russia,	0	71	3
A florin, of Vienna,	0	46	6
A guilder, of Holland,	0	39	0
A mare banco, of Hamburg,	0	33	3
A franc, of France,	0	17	9
A real, of Spain,	0	9	7
A lira, of Florence,	0	15	0
A livre tournois, of France,	0	17	6
An English shilling,	0	22	2
A piastre, of Constantinople,	0	24	3

From the Tocsin of Liberty.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

A poor fellow, who had suffered much from intimacy with the red-eyed monster, went reeling and staggering across a grave-yard in Providence, toward his own house, which was situated just beyond.—On gaining what he supposed to be his own door, he demanded admittance. Receiving no answer, he began, with oaths and curses upon those within, to kick against the door. At length, overcome with drunkenness and weariness, he tumbled down and slept. When he awoke, it was broad day. The poor wretch looked around, bewildered and amazed—he was lying in the grave-yard, at the very door of a tomb. In the darkness of midnight, he had mistaken a grave-stone for his own gate—he had been heaping his awful imprecations upon the dead! Ah, said he, have I become so much a brute? It is time to stop. He did stop; and from that day has been able to distinguish a cottage from a tomb.

SINGULAR GALVANIC EXPERIMENT.

Weinhold cut off a cat's head, and when its arterial pulsation had ceased, took out the spinal marrow, and placed in its stead an amalgam of mercury, silver, and zinc; immediately after this was done, the pulsation recommenced, and the body made a variety of movements. He took away the brain and spinal marrow of another cat, and filled up the skull and vertebral canal with the same metallic mixture. Life appeared to be instantly restored—the animal lifted up its head, opened and shut its eyes, and looking with a fixed stare, endeavored to walk; and whenever it fell, tried to raise itself upon its legs. It continued in this state 20 minutes, when it fell down and remained motionless. During all the time the animal was in this state, the circulation of the blood appeared to go on regularly; the secretion of the gastric juice was more than usual, and the animal heat was re-established.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Cheap substitute for Oil Paint.—Put fresh curds into a vessel, and bruise them well, then add an equal quantity of lime, well slacked, and thick enough to be kneaded; stir the mixture well without adding water, and a whitish, semi-fluid mass will be obtained, which may be applied with great facility, like paint, and which dries very rapidly. Ochre, or any other color, not desfroyed by lime, may be mixed with it. The coloring matter should not be added to the mixture in much water; for that diminishes the durability of the painting.

When two coats have been laid on, and dried, it will receive a good polish, if rubbed with a piece of woollen cloth. Besides cheapness, this preparation has the advantage of having no smell, and of drying so quickly that it may be laid on and polished all in One day—*The Mechanic's Own Book.*

To make Leather Impervious to Water.—Cut India rubber into thin chips, put it in neat's foot oil; set it in a warm place, and after several days the India rubber will dissolve, and form a kind of varnish. If this be rubbed upon boots and shoes, and dried in, it will render them water proof.—*Ib.*

To Preserve Flowers.—Take those kinds of Marigolds that are called French Marigolds, and Velvet Marigolds, cut them with pretty long stems, pass the stems through holes bored in a bit of wood; let them down into a box, so far that the Marigolds will be a few inches below the top; fill the box with perfectly dry sand, and keep it in a dry place. In the winter you will find the flowers in excellent preservation; and if mixed with a few sprigs of evergreen, they will give a cheerful, warm look to the room at Christmas, or New Year.

Potatoes.—The Massachusetts Ploughman says, farmers in general are in too much of a hurry to get in their potatoes; they dig while the vines are green, and so have unripe potatoes all winter; and the roots are apt to heat and spoil in the cellar. The longreds require a long time to come to maturity—they improve in some degree in the cellar, and are therefore reserved for spring use; but when they are allowed to ripen in the field, they are excellent for the table in autumn.

Fruit Trees.—Those orchardists who were too busy in July and August to look to their trees, should not fail to examine them now. Borers will be found in the apple-tree, and in the quince-bush, near the ground, just entering under the tender bark. They may be killed by a stiff brush, strong enough to reach them. Don't forget to examine the roots of the peach-tree. Scrape away the loose earth, and apply strong wood-ashes, or ley; some scalding hot water, or hot lime; anything rather than let the worm live there.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Ripening Onions.—It is well known that onions which are not fully ripe, are of a poor quality, and will not keep well. When from late sowing, or other cause, they are not likely to become ripe, they should be pulled up, and lay exposed to the sun, several weeks before the warm weather is past. In this situation the juices from the large top, will pass into the root and enlarge it. This improves the quality of those that are not mature, and as the top becomes dry they will keep well. We have in this way ripened onions that otherwise would have been worthless.

A moderate frost will not injure them, and they may remain out exposed to the various changes of the weather until we have very severe frost; and then if not completely dry in the tops, they may be laid in a loft for further improvement. As we cannot foresee the weather, we can give no definite time for this operation. In the northern part of New England, it should generally be done about the middle of September; in the southern part the latter part of the month. Further south the season is usually long enough to bring onions to maturity, without any expedient of this kind.

Those whose land is moist and unfavorable to ripening onions, or who live in a cold climate, may improve their onions by selecting for several years the first that ripen for seed. They will soon become earlier.—*Farmers' Journal.*

Butter.—The great point in making good butter, and that which will keep, is the freeing it from all buttermilk; and if everything else is well done, if this point is overlooked, good butter is impossible for any length of time. The mixture of milk in any degree with the butter, is sure to produce frowsiness, or some unpleasant taste to the butter; and the entire freedom from this constitutes the grand secret of making good butter. There are many who think washing butter with water incompatible with retaining the rich flavor; but if the water is cold and pure, it is scarcely possible anything should be washed away; the buttermilk, which destroys the flavor of all butter, excepted. Besides, the best butter in the world, and that which in all markets commands the best price, viz: Dutch butter, is invariably made in this way; and where the example has been followed by others, it has rarely failed of success. If any, however, doubt the propriety of washing butter, they may use any method they choose, provided the milk is separated perfectly. Perfectly free from the substance that causes it to assume the putrid, frowsy taste of bad butter, it may be kept with almost as much ease as tallow. Solidity in packing, clean, sweet vessels, and a low temperature, will insure its keeping for any reasonable time. Let no one expect good butter, however, so long as coarse, impure salt is used, or a particle of the buttermilk is allowed to remain in it.—*Domestic Annals of Butter.*

Butter.—At an agricultural meeting in Boston, it was stated that, as a general rule, where the quantity of butter is large, the butter is better. The mode of milking is of much consequence. The operation should be performed quickly and gently. If the milk be not taken away fast when it begins to flow freely into the bag, it seems to be drawn back again. Among the hays, the second crop, or after math, and fine clover, are the best for milk. Of the roots, potatoes uncooked will produce a large quantity, but the quality is poor; when cooked, the quality of milk is better, but it is less in quantity. Carrots make rich milk. Sugar beets make a large quantity of excellent quality. Rutabaga increases the milk, but generally gives an unpleasant flavor to milk and butter. This may be remedied by putting a half pint of boiling water to each gallon of milk, immediately after it is drawn from the cow. Some say that if *salt* be given to cows feeding on turnips, it prevents any unpleasant taste in the milk. Cornstalks are the cheapest fodder that can be raised.—The great cause of bad butter is the failure to work out the buttermilk. It should be thoroughly worked out with a spatulor, or wooden ladle. If worked by the hands it becomes soft and oily. When taken from the churn it should be put into a clean pan that has been well scalded, and half filled with very cold water; work it with the ladle, till the water becomes white with the buttermilk; then turn it off, and cover the butter with fresh cold water; work it in the same way, and a third time apply cold water enough to cover it; work it very thoroughly, and turn off all the water. Then sprinkle salt on the butter, and work it very thoroughly in with the ladle. Rock salt is better than common salt; but it should be pounded very fine, and free from lumps. If water is put upon the butter after it has been set away and become cool, the effect is bad. Great care should be taken that the vessels in which it is packed are scalded very sweet, and rinsed very clean and cold. Stone jars are preferable to anything else. New wooden firkins, or boxes, are apt to impart an unpleasant flavor to the butter; this may be in a great measure remedied by soaking them several days in strong brine. In Pennsylvania, the dairy houses usually have streams of water running through them, and the vessels are set in water. This keeps the milk cool, while the room is well ventilated. It is difficult to make cows give much milk in winter, one cause is, that they do not drink freely—it is well to give them some warm water after they have taken as much as they will of cold.

Some farmers think it is a great advantage to have water all the time before the cattle, in the barn; for this purpose, they fix a small trough, four or five inches square, immediately before the feet of each animal, and the stock drink better than at the trough in the yard, or at the spring.

Sugar beets are the best things to make cows give a good supply of milk all winter.

Miscellaneous Items.

A Keen Answer.—A lawyer, not overyoung nor handsome, in examining a young lady, a witness in court, made attempts to confuse her, and thus to render her testimony contradictory and unavailing. She, however, seemed to be calm, and proof against all frivolous questions put to her. At last, the lawyer, determined to perplex her, said: "Miss, upon my word you are very pretty." The young lady very promptly replied: "I would return the compliment, sir, *if I were not on oath.*".

Meaning of Words.—How absurd that women should talk of catching *soft* water, when it rains *hard.*

The mayor of Philadelphia has decided that a *small dog sitting* on the steps of his master's house, is "*running at large.*"

Singular Fact.—The editor of a country newspaper thus introduces some verses:—"The poem published this week, was composed by an esteemed friend who has *lain in the grave many years, merely for his own amusement.*"

Anecdote.—Some years since, in the morning, after a very tempestuous night, a little negro boy was found lying on the shores of the Brooklyn navy yard, too young to give any account of himself. He was taken on board the Receiving Ship, and as no claimant came for him, adopted by the sailors under the cognomen of "Wallabogbt Bay." As he grew older, and strutted about in his little blue shirt and canvass trowsers, the questions as to his nativity were answered as follows:—

"What's your name?"
"Wallabogbt Bay, sir."
"Where were you born?"
"Wasn't born at all, sir; was washed ashore in a storm."

Eloquence of the Texas Bar.—May it please the court—the learned barrister reminds me of an Andalusian bull, with nostrils distended, eyes dilated, neck bowed, tail curled, roaring and leaping, plunging, bellowing and charging over the Alpine heights and wide extended plains of jurisprudence; but, may it please the court, the gentleman has failed in his demurer.

Gentlemen of the jury—would you set a rat-trap to catch a *bear?* would you make d———d fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting needle? or would you attempt to empty the Mississippi with a gourd? No, gentlemen, I know you would not! Then, how can you be guilty of the absurdity of finding my client guilty of *man*-slaughter for taking the life of a *woman?*

Criticism.—A rustic being asked his opinion of a picture of three pigs feeding, painted by Morland, said, "well they be pure-loike, surely," scratching his head; "but there be one fault still." When asked what the fault might be, he replied, "why, who ever seed three pigs feeding, without one of 'em having his foot in the trough?"

Report of Progress.—"When I was young," said an old Scottish lady recently, "folk were unco feared at water-devils, called water-kelpies: but noo I've lived to see *them* a' dead—and I think, if I were to live another generation, I might outlive the verra *devil* himself."

NOTICE.

THE connection in business heretofore existing between the subscribers (Powell & Borden, 61 Cherry street) was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 10th inst. The affairs of the concern will be settled by us.

WM. P. POWELL,
NATHANIEL A. BORDEN.

New-York, September 17, 1841.

The business heretofore conducted by the firm, will in future be carried on at the same place by the subscriber, on his own account. WM. P. POWELL,
3t Sailors' Home, 61 Cherry st.

J. Simmons' Institute for Young Ladies,

Locust street, nearly opposite the Musical Fund Hall,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE course of instruction embraces all the various branches of a thorough English and mathematical education, together with the French language, drawing and painting. The building is new, and the rooms are large, airy, and commodious, and provided with maps, globes, and every requisite for promoting the comfort and advancement of the pupils. Besides an extensive philosophical and chemical apparatus, the institution contains a valuable cabinet of minerals, shells, and specimens from other departments of natural science, including an extensive herbarium of indigenous plants.—The specimens of the cabinet are scientifically arranged, and accessible to the pupils whenever their studies require them for illustration. During a part of the autumn and winter, a systematic course of lectures on *Chemistry, Philosophy,* and *Astronomy,* is delivered by the Principal, to which his pupils are admitted gratuitously. These are given semi-weekly, and occupy upwards of three months; the remaining portion of the year, lectures are given to the scholars weekly, on *Physiology, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany,* and such other subjects as may be advantageously adapted to their capacities and improvement.

The scholastic year embraces two terms, of five calendar months each; the school being vacated during the months of July and August.

No pupil is received for a shorter period than one term; and applicants who are unknown to the Principal, are expected to give satisfactory reference.

TERMS.—For the English branches, per term, $20
Extra for French, " 10
Extra for drawing and painting, " 10

N. B.—No charge for pens, ink, and fuel.

The school will re-open on the 1st of September; and the lectures on physiology will commence on the 7th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.; to which the friends of the lecturer are respectfully invited.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1842. 3m

FREE LABOR BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE subscriber notifies his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand, at the most reasonable prices, a large assortment of WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, of every description, and best materials, and entirely free from the contamination of slave labor.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS will do well to call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

All orders punctually executed, at the shortest notice.

JAMES WILLIS,
No. 241 Arch street, one door below 7th.
Philadelphia, June 16, 1842. p.—6m.

General Agency and Intelligence Office.

No. 95 South Sixth street.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public, and especially that portion of it residing in Pennsylvania, that he still continues the Intelligence Office at the old stand; where prompt and satisfactory attention will be paid to all those, who may honor him with their patronage. All persons wishing to obtain help or employment, in any honorable occupation, will find it for their interest to send, or call. Particular attention will be paid to school teachers, and those in want of their services. Land sold or exchanged; rents and bills collected, &c. &c.

All letters, post paid, attended to.

JOSHUA COFFIN.

References.—Rev. Thomas Brainard, Rev. Wm. H. Turner, Samuel Rush, Esq. Philadelphia. Isaac T. Hopper, and James S. Gibbons, New-York.

Philadelphia, July 14th, 1842.

Popular English Periodicals,

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LONDON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH, FOREIGN,
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